

C O M I C
DECLAMATIONS
AND READINGS

COMIC DECLAMATIONS AND READINGS



COMIC DECLAMATIONS AND READINGS

*For School, Home and Public
Entertainments*

Adapted to the Use of All Who
Have Young Hearts

BY
CARLETON B. CASE

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FOREWORD

"LAUGH, and the world laughs with you."

All the world loves a laugh.

Here's a bookful of laugh makers from which suitable selections can readily be made for reading and reciting in home, school and public entertainments of every kind.

There are collected in this book the choicest of the world's humorous prose and poetry suitable for all occasions.

In no other one publication will these selections be found entire, nor is there so great a variety of wit, pathos and sentiment obtainable in any similar compilation.

Great care has been exercised that every selection should be clean, wholesome and free from possibility of giving offense.

This work commends itself to teachers, scholars, elocutionists, and all who are laudably desirous of pleasing their audience, and themselves.

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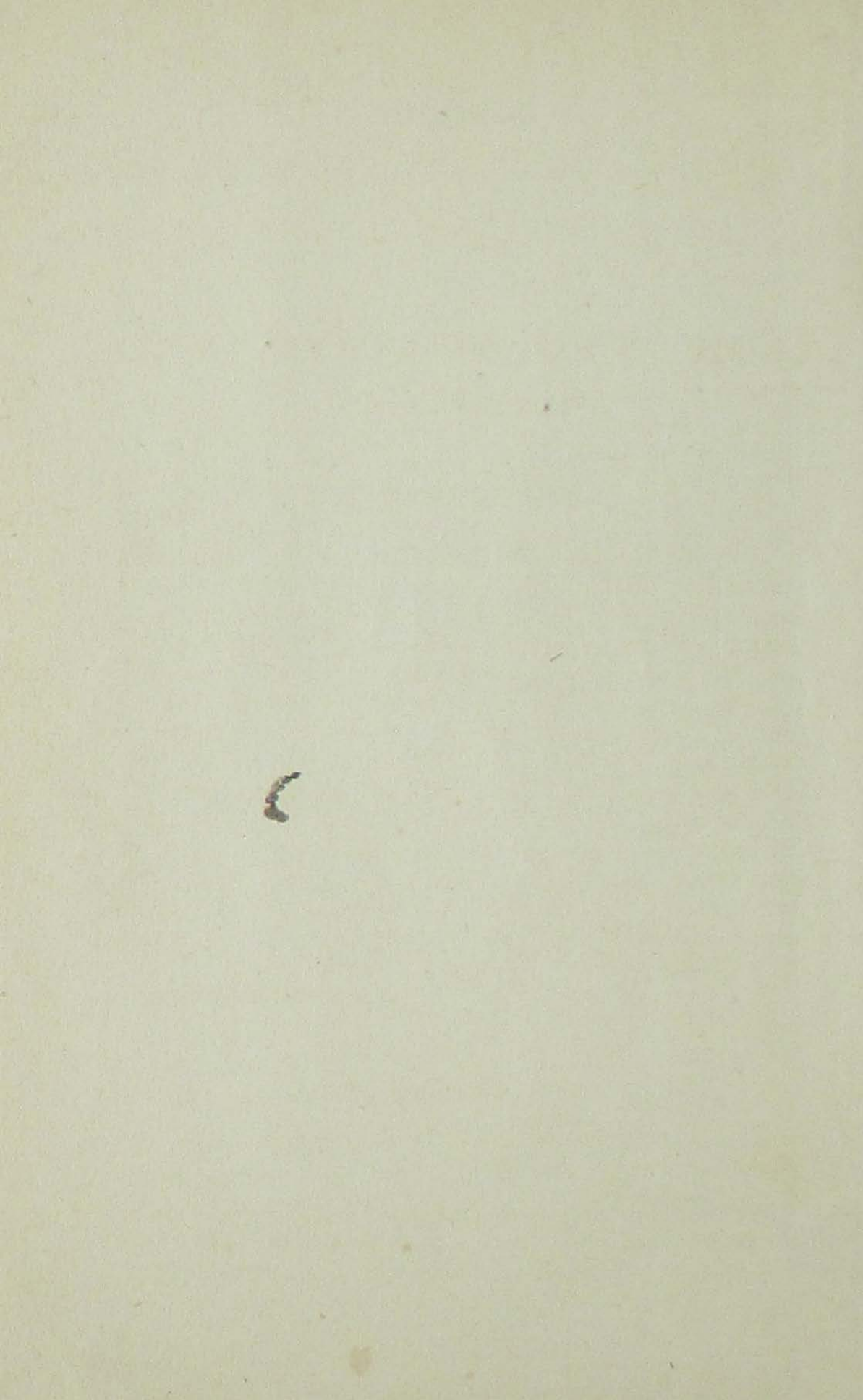
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COMIC DECLAMATIONS AND READINGS

THE H'ANTHEM

Two old British sailors were talking over their shore experience. One had been to a cathedral and had heard some very fine music, and was descanting particularly upon an anthem which gave him much pleasure. His shipmate listened for a while, and then said: "I say, Bill, what's a hanthem?" "What!" replied Bill, "Do you mean to say you don't know what a hanthem is?" "Not me." "Well, then, I'll tell yer. If I was to tell yer, 'Ere, Bill, giv me that 'andspike,' that wouldn't be a hanthem; but was I to say 'Bill, Bill, Bill, giv, giv, giv me that, Bill, giv me, giv me that hand, handspike. Bill, giv, giv me that, hand, handspike, hand, handspike. Ah-men, ah-men. Bill-givemethathandspike, spike, ah-men!' why, that would be a hanthem."

NAUTICAL GAZETTE.

A MYSTERIOUS DUEL

THE following account of a duel was furnished to *Harper's Weekly*.

A duel was lately fought in Texas by Alexander Shott and John S. Nott. Nott was shot, and Shott was not. In this case it is better to be Shott than Nott.

There was a rumor that Nott was not shot, and Shott avows that he shot Nott, which proves either that the shot Shott at Nott was not shot, or that Nott was shot notwithstanding. Circumstantial evidence is not always good. It may be made to appear on trial that the shot Shott shot shot Nott or, as accidents with fire-arms are frequent, it may be possible that the shot Shott shot shot Shott himself, when the whole affair would resolve itself into its original elements, and Shott would be shot, and Nott would be not. We think, however, that the shot Shott shot shot not Shott, but Nott; anyway, it is hard to tell who was shot.

ADOON THE LANE

UPON one stormy Sunday,
Coming adoon the lane,
Were a score of bonny lassies—
And the sweetest, I maintain,
Was Caddie,
That I took beneath my pladdie
To shield her from the rain.

She said the daisies blushed
For the kiss that I had ta'en;
I wadna hae thought the lassie
Would sae of a kiss complain.
“Now, laddie!
I winnie stay under your pladdie,
If I gang home in the rain!”

But ane after Sunday,
When cloud there nae was ane,
This sel-same winsome lassie—
We chanced to meet in the lane—
Said Caddie,
“Why dinna ye wear your pladdie?
Who kens but it may rain?”

BABY IN CHURCH

AUNT NELLIE had fashioned a dainty thing,
Of Hamburg and ribbon and lace,
And mamma had said, as she settled it round
Our beautiful baby's face,
Where the dimples play and the laughter lies
Like sunbeams hid in her violet eyes:
"If the day is pleasant and baby is good,
She may go to church and wear her new hood."

Then Ben, aged six, began to tell,
In elder-brotherly way,
How very, very good she must be
If she went to church next day.
He told of the church, the choir, and the crowd,
And the man up in front who talked so loud;
But she must not talk, nor laugh, nor sing,
But just sit as quiet as anything.

And so, on a beautiful Sabbath in May,
When the fruit-buds burst into flowers,
(There wasn't a blossom on bush or tree
So fair as this blossom of ours,)
All in her white dress, dainty and new,
Our baby sat in the family pew.
The grand, sweet music, reverent air,
The solemn hush, and the voice of prayer

Filled all her baby soul with awe,
As she sat in her little place,
And the holy look that the angels wear
Seemed pictured upon her face.
And the sweet words uttered so long ago
Come into my mind with a rhythmic flow:
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven," said He,
And I knew that He spake of such as she.

The sweet-voiced organ pealed forth again,
The collection-box came round,
And baby dropped her penny in,
And smiled at the clinking sound.
Alone in the choir Aunt Nellie stood,
Waiting the close of the soft prelude,
To begin her solo. High and strong,
She struck the first note; clear and long

She held it, and all were charmed but one,
Who, with all the might she had,
Sprang to her little feet and cried:
"Aunt Nellie you's being bad!"
The audience smiled, the minister coughed,
The little boys in the corner laughed,
The tenor-man shook like an aspen leaf
And hid his face in his handkerchief.

And poor Aunt Nellie never could tell
How she finished that terrible strain,
But says that nothing on earth would tempt
Her to go through the scene again.
So, we have decided perhaps 'tis best,
For her sake, ours, and all the rest,
That we wait, maybe, for a year or two,
Ere our baby reënter the family pew.

MINNIE M. GOW.

THE MODERN GIRL

SHE warbled the soprano with dramatic sensibility,
And dallied with the organ when the organist was
sick;
She got up for variety a brand-new church society,
And spoke with great facility about the new church
brick.

She shed great tears of sorrow for the heathen immorality,

And organized a system that would open up their eyes;

In culinary clarity she won great popularity,

And showed her personality in lecturing on pies.

For real unvarnished culture she betrayed a great propensity;

Her Tuesday-talks were famous, her Friday-glimmers great.

She grasped at electricity with mental elasticity,

And lectured with intensity about the marriage state.

But with the calm assurance of her wonderful capacity,

She wouldn't wash the dishes, but she'd talk all day on rocks,

And while she dwelt on density, or space and its immensity,

With such refined audacity, her mother darned her socks!

TOM MASSON.

THE ELECTION OF THE FUTURE

"WELL, Bessie, the right of suffrage is finally given to women, and they both vote and hold office. Who are you going to vote for?"

"Oh! I really don't know. But don't you think it is just perfectly lovely for us to have the right to vote at all?"

"Oh! it is too awfully jolly for anything."

"But do you know, I was just worried to death for fear Madam Fitem wouldn't have my dress done in time for election day."

"But she did, I see; and it's just lovely. I was worried awfully over my election bonnet, but it came

at the last moment, or I wouldn't have come near the polls."

"Are you going to vote for Mamie Berkley for City Treasurer?"

"No, I'm not; we've been out for a long time, and I think she's just horrid."

"I think so too; she dresses away beyond her means, and there'd be no living in the same town with her if she was City Treasurer. What do you think of Mrs. St. John for Mayor?"

"Oh! I think she'd be lovely. She has such a queenly manner and dresses in such perfect taste; but most of the girls are voting for Howard Percy for Mayor; he's so handsome you know."

"Oh! yes; but then he's so conceited and such a dreadful flirt. He's engaged to half the girls in town just to secure their votes."

"The mean, horrid thing!"

"What do you think of Mrs. Rauler for Congress?"

"I think she'd better stay at home and look after her children. There are six or seven of them running around here now, peddling out her tickets. Do tell me, Bessie, are my frizzes all coming out?"

"No, they look nicely. How are mine?"

"Lovely! lovely! Your hair does frizz so beautifully. Look at Mr. Meek electioneering for his wife for Representative. They say if she's elected she's going to leave her six-weeks'-old baby at home with him while she goes to the Capitol for the legislative session."

"Think of it! and won't she dress, though! I'd vote for Hugh Mandeville, but they say he's engaged to Helen Smythe, and I can't endure her. She's around here some place trying to get the other girls to vote for Hugh!"

"I call that cheeky. But I sha'n't vote for him, Margie Montague is my candidate, she's going to invite me to Washington if she's elected."

"How lovely that will be! I've half a mind to vote

for Margie myself. Do you know, Belle Fielding and Libbie Larelle have had an awful quarrel over the office of City Councilman?"

"No; how perfectly dreadful!"

"Isn't it? Libbie accused Belle of buying up votes with French bon-bons and boxes of kid gloves; and Belle told right out before everybody that eight of Libbie's upper teeth were false and that her lovely waves are not her own hair."

"How mean of Belle! If I was Libbie I'd never forgive her. I intended voting for Belle; but I sha'n't now. I cannot conscientiously vote for a girl who could deliberately give another girl away in that shameful manner. It's a mercy she didn't know all I know about Libbie or the poor girl might have been mortified clear out of the campaign. I shall scratch Belle."

"I've scratched about everybody on my ticket."

"So have I; but there comes Belle now with Libbie Larelle, and I don't care to meet them, so let's be off. Most of the girls running for office are so horrid."

DETROIT FREE PRESS.

CITY MAN'S DREAM OF THE COUNTRY

I WOULD flee from the city's rule and law,
From its fashion and form cut loose,
And go where the strawberry grows on its straw,
And the gooseberry grows on its goose;
Where the catnip tree is climbed by the cat
As she crouches for her prey—
The guileless and unsuspecting rat
On the rattan bush at play.
I will watch at ease the saffron cow,
And her cowlet in their glee,
As they leap in joy from bough to bough
On the top of the cowslip tree;
Where the musical partridge drums on his drum,
And the woodchuck chucks his wood,

And the dog devours the dogwood plum
In the primitive solitude.

Oh, let me drink from the moss-grown pump
That was hewn from the pumpkin tree,
Eat mush and milk from a rural stump,
From form and fashion free;
New-gathered mush from the mushroom vine,
And milk from the milkweed sweet,
With luscious pineapple from the pine—
Such food as the gods might eat!
And then to the whitewashed dairy I'll turn,
Where the dairymaid hastening hies,
Her ruddy and golden butter to churn,
From the milk of her butterflies!
And I'll rise at morn with the early bird,
To the fragrant farmyard pass,
When the farmer turns his beautiful herd
Of grasshoppers out to grass.

SAM WALTER FOSS.

THE V-A-S-E

FAR from the crowd they stand apart,
The maidens four and the works of art;

And none might tell from sight alone
In which had culture ripest grown.

The Gotham million, fair to see,
The Philadelphia pedigree,

The Boston mind of azure blue
And the soulful soul from Kalamazoo.

For all loved Art in a seemly way
With an earnest soul and a capital A.

Long they worshiped, but no one broke
The sacred stillness, until up spoke

The Western one from the nameless place,
Who, blushing, said, "What a lovely vase!"

Over three faces a sad smile flew,
And they edged away from Kalamazoo.

But Gotham's mighty soul was stirred,
To crush the stranger with one small word.

Deftly hiding reproof in praise.
She cries, "'Tis indeed a lovely vase!"

But brief her unworthy triumph, when
The lofty one from the house of Penn,

With the consciousness of two Grandpapas,
Exclaimed, "It is quite a lovely vase,"

And glanced around with anxious thrill
Awaiting the word of Beacon Hill.

But the Boston maid smiles courteouslee,
And gently murmurs, "Oh, pardon me!"

"I did not catch your remark because
I was so entranced with that charming vase."

THE BROKEN PITCHER

As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping,
With a pitcher of milk, from the Fair of Coleraine,
When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher it tumbled,
And with all the sweet buttermilk watered the plain.

"Oh, what shall I do now?—'twas looking at you now,
Sure, sure, such a pitcher I'll ne'er meet again!"

'Twas the pride of my dairy: O Barney M'Cleary!
You're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine."

I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her,
That such a misfortune should give her such pain.
A kiss then I gave her; and, ere I did leave her,
She vowed for such pleasure she'd break it again.

'Twas hay-making season,—I can't tell the reason,—
Misfortunes will never come single, 'tis plain;
For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster—
Sure, never a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

CHRISTMAS CHIMES IN BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK AND CHICAGO

I

LITTLE Penelope Socrates,
A Boston maid of four,
Wide opened her eyes on Xmas morn
And looked the landscape o'er.
"What is't that inflates my bas de bleu?"
She said with dignity;
"'Tis Ibsen in the original!
Oh joy beyond degree!"

II

Miss Mary Cadwalader Rittenhouse
Of Philadelphia town,
Waked up—as much as they ever do there—
And watched the snow come down.
"I'm glad that it is Christmas,"
You might have heard her say,
"For my family's one year older
Than it was last Christmas day."

III

'Twas Christmas in giddy Gotham,
And Miss Irene de Jones
Awoke at morn and yawned and yawned,
And stretched her languid bones.
"I'm sorry that it's Christmas,
Papa at home will stay,
For 'Change is closed and he won't make
A single cent all day."

IV

Windily dawned the Christmas
In the city by the lake,
And Miss Arabell Wabash Breezy
Was instantly awake.
"What's that thing in my stocking?
Well, in two jiffs I'll know!"
And she drew a grand piano out
From way down in the toe.

DON'T USE BIG WORDS

IN promulgating your esoteric cogitations, or articulating your superficial sentimentalities and amicable, philosophical or psychological observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your conversational communications possess a clarified conciseness, a compacted comprehensibleness, coalescent consistency, and a concatenated cogency. Eschew all conglomerations of flatulent garrulity, jejune babblement, and asinine affectations. Let your extemporaneous descantings and unpremeditated expatiations have intelligibility and veracious vivacity, without rhodomontade or thrasonical bombast. Sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity, pompous prolixity, psittaceous vacuity, ventriloquial verbosity, and vaniloquent vapidness. Shun

double-entendres, prurient jocosity, and pestiferous profanity, obscurant or apparent.

In other words, talk plainly, briefly, naturally, sensibly, truthfully, purely. Keep from "slang;" don't put on airs; say what you mean; mean what you say. And don't use big words!

THE RAILROAD CROSSING

I CAN'T tell much about the thing, 'twas done so powerful quick;

But 'pears to me I got a most outlandish heavy lick:
It broke my leg, and tore my skulp, and jerked my arm most out.

But take a seat: I'll try and tell just how it kem about.

You see, I'd started down to town, with that 'ere team of mine,

A-haulin' down a load o' corn to Ebenezer Kline,
And drivin' slow; for, jest about a day or two before,
The off-horse run a splinter in his foot and made it sore.

You know the railroad cuts across the road at Martin's Hole:

Well, thar I seed a great big sign, raised high upon a pole;

I thought I'd stop and read the thing, and find out what it said,

And so I stopped the hosses on the railroad-track, and read.

I ain't no scholar, rekollect, and so I had to spell,
I started kinder cautious like, with R-A-I- and L;
And that spelt "rail" as clear as mud; R-O-A-D was "road."

I lumped 'em: "railroad" was the word, and that 'ere much I knowed.

C-R-O and double S, with I-N-G to boot,
Made "crossing" jest as plain as Noah Webster dared
to do't.

"Railroad crossing"—good enough!—L double-O-K,
"look;"

And I was lookin' all the time, and spellin' like a book.

O-U-T spelt "out" jest right; and there it was, "look
out,"

I's kinder cur'us like, to know jest what 'twas all
about;

F-O-R and T-H-E; 'twas then "look out for the—"
And then I tried the next word; it commenced with
E-N-G.

I'd got that fur, when suddintly there came an
awful whack;

A thousand fiery thunderbolts just scooped me off the
track.

The hosses went to Davy Jones, the wagon went to
smash,

And I was histed seven yards above the tallest ash.

I didn't come to life ag'in fur 'bout a day or two;
But, though I'm crippled up a heap, I sorter struggled
through;

It ain't the pain, nor 'tain't the loss of that 'ere team
of mine;

But, stranger, how I'd like to know the rest of that
'ere sign!

HEZEKIAH STRONG.

SYMPATHY

A KNIGHT and a lady once met in a grove,
While each was in quest of a fugitive love;
A river ran mournfully murmuring by,
And they wept in its waters for sympathy.

"Oh, never was knight such a sorrow that bore!"
"Oh, never was maid so deserted before!"
"From life and its woes let us instantly fly,
And jump in together for company!"

They searched for an eddy that suited the deed,
But here was a bramble and there was a weed.
"How tiresome it is," said the fair, with a sigh;
So they sat down to rest them in company.

They gazed at each other, the maid and the knight,
How fair was her form, and how goodly his height!
"One mournful embrace," sobbed the youth, "ere we
die!"
So kissing and crying kept company.

"Oh, had I but loved such an angel as you!"
"Oh, had but my swain been a quarter as true!"
"To miss such perfection how blinded was I!"
Sure now they were excellent company.

At length spoke the lass, 'twixt a smile and a tear,
"The weather is cold for a watery bier;
When summer returns we may easily die,
Till then let us sorrow in company."

REGINALD HEBER.

FIRST APPEARANCE IN TYPE

AH, here it is! I'm famous now;
An author and a poet;
It really is in print. Hurrah!
How proud I'll be to show it.
And gentle Anna! what a thrill
Will animate her breast,
To read these ardent lines, and know
To whom they are addressed.

Why, bless my soul! here's something wrong;
What can the paper mean
By talking of the "graceful brook,"
That "*ganders* o'er the green?"
And here's a *t* instead of *r*,
Which makes it "tippling rill,"
We'll seek the "shad" instead of "shade,"
And "hell" instead of "hill."

"Thy looks so"—what?—I recollect;
'Twas "sweet," and then 'twas "kind;"
And now, to think,—the stupid fool
For "bland" has printed "blind."
Was ever such provoking work?
('Tis curious, by the by,
That anything is rendered blind
By giving it an *i*.)

The color of the "rose" is "nose,"
"Affection" is "affliction;"
(I wonder if the likeness holds
In fact as well as fiction?)
"Thou art a friend." The *r* is gone;
Whoever would have deemed
That such a trifling thing could change
A friend into a fiend?

"Thou art the same," is rendered "lame;"
It really is too bad!
And here because an *i* is out,
My lovely "maid" is "mad."
They drove her blind by poking in
An *i*—a process new—
And now they've gouged it out again,
And made her crazy, too.

I'll read no more. What shall I do?
I'll never dare to send it.
The paper's scattered far and wide,
'Tis now too late to mend it.

O fame! thou cheat of human life,
Why did I ever write!
I wish my poem had been burnt,
Before it saw the light.

Was ever such a horrid hash,
In poetry or prose?
I've said she was a "fiend!" and praised
The color of her "nose."
I wish I had that printer here
About a half a minute,
I'd bang him to his heart's content,
And with an *h* begin it.

AN HOUR OF HORROR

It was close upon the hour of midnight.

A man sat alone in an upper room in a tumble-down tenement,—a man whose face showed by its furrowed brow, glaring eyes and pallid lips the effects of a terrible mental struggle going on within him.

Before him were several pages of manuscript, and his nervous hand, convulsively clutching a pen, was rapidly adding to them.

Close to his right hand and frequently touched by it as he plied his pen was a gleaming, glittering object of ivory, silver, and steel,—a loaded revolver.

The window beside him was open, and through it the cool breeze entered and fanned his fevered brow. The night without was calm and placid. Nature was lovely, bathed in the light of the summer moon; but the man was oblivious to the beauties of the night. He glanced up at the clock now and then, and observing the long hand climbing up the incline toward the figure twelve, he redoubled his labor at his manuscript.

Anon he glanced at the revolver on the desk beside him. He touched its ivory handle as if faltering in his resolution; and then went on with his writing.

Hark!

What sound is that that is borne upon the breeze of the summer night? A long, low wail, like the cry of a woman in mortal anguish.

The man started like a guilty soul, dashed the dews of perspiration from his clammy brow, and uttered an incoherent exclamation.

Again! again, that moaning, uncanny cry!

The man heard it and groaned aloud. He dashed aside the last page of his manuscript, and glanced again at the clock. The hands marked the hour of midnight. He grasped the revolver with a resolute air and exclaimed through his clenched teeth:

"It must be done!"

And going to the window he fired twice. . . . There was a scattering sound in the back-yard, and the next day a gray cat was found dead close to the wood-shed. The story and the deed were done.

HER NO

HE had just told her of his love and devotion and asked her to be his wife. She answered him by saying, no it can never be. I like you as a friend, I respect you, I admire you, but that is not love, you know, and I cannot be your wife. But do not say anything rash, try to endure it, for I am sure there are plenty more worthy of you than I am.

He—Very pleasant weather we are having.

She—Yes, very.

He—I am glad of it, too, and hope it will continue. You see my friend Jack's little sister is coming to the city to-morrow to stay some time, and he wants me to show her the sights. She's a dear little child, with golden hair and heavenly blue eyes, and the sweetest face imaginable. I never saw such a perfect face as hers when I last saw her.

How long is it—since you—saw her?

About ten years, I think. She was just eight years old then.

Eight and ten are—horrors! If you dare to go near that girl, I'll—I'll die—so there!

IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?

THE knot was tied, the pair were wed,
And then the smiling bridegroom said
Unto the preacher, Shall I pay to you
The usual fee to-day, or would you
Have me wait a year,
And give you then a hundred clear,
If I shall find the marriage state
As happy as I estimate?
The preacher lost no time in thought,
To his reply no study brought.
There were no wrinkles on his brow.
Said he, I'll take three dollars now.

MARY TYLDEN MARSHALL.

MEDLEY—MARY'S LITTLE LAMB

THE following is the Chinese version of Mary and her lamb:

Was gal name Moll had lamb,
Flea all samee white snow,
Evly place Moll gal walkee,
Ba ba hoppee long too.

We heard a son of Erin trying to surround Mary and her little lamb the other day, and this is the way he understood it:

Begorry, Mary had a little shape,
 And the wool was white intoirly;
 An' wherever Mary wud sthir her sthumps,
 The young shape would follow her completely.

So celebrated a poem should have a French version:

La petite Marie had le jeune muttong,
 Zee wool was blanchée as ze snow;
 And everywhere La Belle Marie went,
 Le jeune muttong was zure to go.

Oui Monsieur; you avez un very large imagination;
 mais comment est this, pour Deutsche:

Dot Mary haf got ein leedle schaf;
 Mit hair yust like some vool;
 Und all der place dot gal did vent,
 Das schaf go like em fool.

We inscribe the following version to the dear girls
 of Boston:

Tradition testifies, and history verifies the
 testimony, that one Mary was at one
 time possessed of a youth-
 ful member of the
 genus sheep,
 Whose excellence of blood and neatness of
 manner rendered his, or her, exterior
 fringe as beautifully trans-
 lucent as the driven,
 beautiful snow;
 And it is stated in the most authentic manner
 (pp. 2 and 3, vol. 1, Nursery Rhymes, q.
 v.) that nowhere did the charming
 little lady (probably a Bos-
 ton girl) perambulate,
 But the aforementioned quadrupedal verte-
 brate did with alacrity ap-
 proximate thither.

THE OLD STORY

SHE told him that men were false,
That love was a dreadful bore,
As they danced to the Nanon waltz
On the slippery ball-room floor.

He said that her woman's face,
The crown of her shining hair,
Her subtle feminine grace,
Were haunting him everywhere.

He told her his orders had come
To march with the dawn of day.
A soldier must "follow the drum"—
No choice but to mount and away.

A sudden tremor of fear
Her rallying laughter smote,
As he gave a souvenir—
A button from off his coat.

He went to the distant war,
And fought as men should do;
But she forgot him afar
In the passion for something new.

His trinket amongst the rest,
She wore at her dainty throat;
But a bullet had pierced his breast
Where the button was off his coat.

THE CURATE'S STORY

IT was Christmas-eve! Christmas-eve at my Uncle John's, in the dimly lighted front parlor, where the flickering fire-light threw strange shadows on the highly colored wall-paper, while without, in the wild street,

the storm raged pitilessly, and the wind, like some unquiet spirit, flew, moaning, across the square, and passed, wailing with a troubled cry, round by the milk-shop.

We had had supper, and were sitting round, talking and smoking.

Aunt went to bed soon after supper, leaving the local curate, old Dr. Scrubbles, Mr. Samuel Coombes, our member of the County Council, Teddy Biffles, and myself to keep Uncle company. We agreed that it was too early to give in for some time yet, so Uncle brewed another bowl of punch; and I think we all did justice to that—at least I know I did.

Uncle John told us a very funny story in the course of the evening. Oh, it was a funny story! I forget what it was about now, but I know it amused me very much at the time; I do not think I ever laughed so much in all my life. It is strange that I cannot recollect that story too, because he told it to us four times. And it was entirely our own fault that he did not tell it us a fifth. After that, the Doctor sung a very clever song, in the course of which he imitated all the different animals in a farm-yard. He did mix them a bit. He brayed for the bantam cock, and crowed for the pig; but we knew what he meant, all right.

Oh, we did have such fun that evening!

And then, somehow or other, we must have got on to ghosts; because the next recollection I have is that we were telling ghost stories to each other.

Teddy Biffles told the first story. He called it Johnson and Emily; or, the Faithful Ghost. It made me cry very much, Biffles told it with so much feeling.

We had some more punch and then the curate told us a story. I could not make head or tail of the curate's story, so I cannot retail it to you. We none of us could make head or tail of that story. It was a good story enough, so far as material went. There seemed to be an enormous amount of plot and enough incident to have made a dozen novels.

I should suppose that every human being our curate

had ever known or met or heard of was brought into that story. There were simply hundreds of them. Every five seconds he would introduce a completely fresh collection of characters, accompanied by a brand-new set of incidents.

This was the sort of story it was:

"Well, then, my uncle went into the garden and got his gun, but, of course, it wasn't there, and Scroggins said he didn't believe it."

"Didn't believe what? Who's Scroggins?"

"Scroggins! Oh, why, he was the other man, you know—it was his wife."

"What was his wife—what's she got to do with it?"

"Why, that's what I'm telling you. It was she that found the hat. She'd come up with her cousin to London—her cousin was my sister-in-law and the other niece had married a man named Evans, and Evans, when it was all over, had taken the box round to Mr. Jacobs because Jacobs's father had seen the man when he was alive, and when he was dead, Joseph—"

"Now look here, never you mind Evans and the box; what's become of your uncle and the gun?"

"The gun! What gun?"

"Why, the gun your uncle used to keep in the garden, and that wasn't there. What did he do with it? Did he kill any of these people with it—these Jacobses and Evanses and Scrogginses and Josephses? Because, if so, it was a good and useful work, and we should enjoy hearing about it."

"No—oh, no—how could he? He had been built up alive in the wall, you know, and when Edward IV. spoke to the abbot about it my sister said that in her then state of health she could not. So they christened him Horatio, after her own son, who had been killed at Waterloo, before he was born, and Lord Napier himself said—"

"Look here, do you know what you are talking about?" we asked him at this point.

He said no, but he knew it was every word of it true,

because his aunt had seen it herself. Whereupon we covered him over with the table-cloth and he went to sleep.

JEROME K. JEROME.

THE TALE OF A TRAMP

LET me sit down a minute;
A stone's got into my shoe.
Don't you commence your cussin'—
I ain't done nuthin' to you.
Yes, I'm a tramp—what of it?
Folks say we ain't no good—
Tramps have got to live, I reckon,
Though people don't think we should.
Once I was young and handsome;
Had plenty of cash and clothes—
That was before I got to tipplin',
And gin got in my nose.
Way down in the Lehigh Valley
Me and my people grew;
I was a blacksmith, Captain,
Yes, and a good one, too.
Me and my wife, and Nellie—
Nellie was just sixteen,
And she was the pootiest cretur
The valley had ever seen.
Beaux! Why, she had a dozen,
Had 'em from near and fur;
But they was mostly farmers—
None of them suited her.
But there was a city chap,
Handsome, young and tall—
Ah! curse him! I wish I had him
To strangle against yonder wall!
He was the man for Nellie—
She didn't know no ill;

Mother, she tried to stop it,
But you know young girls' will.
Well, it's the same old story—
Common enough, you say;
But he was a soft-tongued devil,
And got her to run away.
More than a month, or later,
We heard from the poor young thing—
He had run away and left her
Without any weddin' ring!
Back to her home we brought her,
Back to her mother's side;
Filled with a ragin' fever,
She fell at my feet and died!
Frantic with shame and sorrow,
Her mother began to sink,
And died in less than a fortnight;
That's when I took to drink.
Come, give me a glass now, Colonel,
And I'll be on my way,
And I'll tramp till I catch that scoundrel,
If it takes till the Judgment Day.

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?

PAT FLYNN had sixty-seven hats,
And wanted sixty more;
It was an odd, strange whim of Pat's,
For only one he wore;
But he would toil by night or day
To get a hat to lay away.

'Twas "Hats" the first thing in the morn
And "Hats" at noon and night;
The neighbors laughed the man to scorn,
And said it was but right
To send such crazy cranks as he
To spend their days at Kankakee.

A million dollars Peter Doyle
Had laid away in store,
Yet late and early did he toil
To get a million more.
He could not use the half he had,
And yet he wanted "more," bedad.

His neighbors praised him to the skies,
Wherever he might go;
They called him great and good and wise
And bowed before him low.
Is there such difference as that
Between a dollar and a hat?

OBSERVATION

You may notch it on de palin's as a mighty risky plan,
To make your judgment by de clo'es dat kivers up a
man,
For I hardly need to tell you how you often come across
A fifty-dollar saddle on a twenty-dollar hoss.

An' wakin' in de low groun's, you diskiver as you go
Dat de boss's shuck may hide de meanes' nubbin' in a
row.

I think a man has got a mighty slender chance for
hebin'
Dat holds on to his piety but one day out ob seben;

Dat talks about de sinners wid a heap o' solemn chat,
And neber drops a nickel in the missionary hat;
Dat's foremost in de meetin' house for raisin' all de
chunes,
But lays aside his 'ligion wid his Sunday pantaloons!

I neber judge o' people dat I meets along de way
By de places whar dey come fum an' de houses whar
dey stay;

For de bantam chicken's awful fond o' roostin' pretty
high,
An' de turkey-buzzard sails above de eagle in de sky;
Dey ketches little minners in the middle ob de sea,
An' you find de smalles' possum up de biggest kind o'
tree.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

WINNIE'S WELCOME

WELL, Shamus, what brought ye?
It's dead, sure, I thought ye—
What's kept ye this fortnight from calling on me?
Stop there! Don't be lyin':
It's no use denyin'—
I know you've been waitin' on Kitty Magee.

She's ould and she's homely;
There's girls young and comely,
Who've loved you much longer and better than she;
But, 'deed I'm not carin',
I'm glad I've no share in
The love of a boy who'd love Kitty Magee.

Away! I'm not cryin',
Your charge I'm denyin',
You're wrong to attribute such weakness to me;
If tears I am showin',
I'd have ye be knowin'
They're shed out of pity for Kitty Magee.

For mane an' consated,
Wid pride overweighted,
Cold, heartless and brutal she'll find ye to be;
When ye she'll be gettin',
She'll soon be regrettin'
She e'er changed her name from plain Kitty Magee.

What's that? Am I dhramin'?
You've only been shammin'—
Just thryin' to test the affection in me?
But you're the sly divil!
There, now! Plase be civil;
Don't hug me to death—I'm not Kitty Magee.

Your kisses confuse me;
Well, I'll not refuse ye—
I know you'll be tindher and lovin' wid me;
To show my conthrition
For doubts and suspicion,
I'll ax for first bridesmaid Miss Kitty Magee.
WILL EMMETT.

DON'T PROPOSE

ONLY don't propose to me! I really like you so;
We suit each other charmingly, at ball or feast, you
know.
We can brighten for each other best the revel's careless
hours;
We can gather from each other still the moment's
passing flowers;
We ever best can gladden life's river as it flows
Through sunny beds and quiet—but I hope you won't
propose.

No voice suits mine so well as yours, in gay duet or
song,
No other arm can guide me safe, through the polka's
whirling throng;
No other laugh reëchoes half so merrily to mine,
No other hand so tastefully my bouquet's flowers can
twine;
None *save* me half so cleverly from bores—my dead-
liest foes;

I cannot do without you—oh! I hope you won't propose!

Why will you talk of sentiment? you never used to talk
Of aught but fun or nonsense, in long quadrille or walk.
Why will you sigh? I really like your ringing laugh
the best.

Why frown at me for lingering with another joyous
guest?

Why will you talk of hopes and fears? why hint at
friendship's close?

You never used to tease me so—oh! I hope you won't
propose!

For you know I would refuse you—I must love before
I wed;

What should we do together when the summer sun had
fled?

And then, we must be strangers—must pass each other
by,

With flushing cheek and distant bow, and cold, averted
eye.

Why doom our gay companionship to so dolorous a
close?

We like each other much too well—I hope you won't
propose!

Let us still be smiling when we part, and happy when
we meet;

Let us together pluck the bloom of the flowers at our
feet;

Let us leave the deeper things alone, and laugh, and
sing, and dance;

And flirt a little now and then, to speed the hour, per-
chance.

Oh! there's a deal of pleasure in sunny links like
those;

Don't break the rosy ties just yet—*dear* Charley,
don't propose!

MORIARTY AND McSWIGGIN

BEIN' a lawyer by perfession an' requirin' a great deal of rest for me brain, I took a shmall room on the fourt' floor of a tinimint house raycintly, an' I had the pavemint privilege o' keepin' a pig, but I didn't avail meself of it. Afther I had been livin' thar for about three weeks, I had the pleasure o' makin' the 'quaintance of a gintleman by the name of Moriarty that was livin' on the back of the same floor that I was residin' on. He was very well educated an' a man of a great deal of political infloosance. He was a very wealthy man. He was a contractor. He does be drivin' a cyart for the man that's a-fillin' them vacant lots round the corner, some of you may know him. I also had the opportunity o' meetin' a gintleman residin' directly below me by the name o' McSwiggin. He was a wealthy man also. He was a banker. He does be carryin' a little black bag 'round for a man that has a bankin' house down in Wall Street.

Will—one mornin' about half-past six—we was all very early risers in the house on 'count of our health—I heerd them two havin' a kind of discussion in the hallway about the transmigration of souls. Now that's a subject, ye know, that no man wants to tackle unless he knows all about it—but bein' interested in the subject meself, I wint out in the hallway to hear what kind o' an argymint they would use.

I heerd Mr. McSwiggin makin' use of an argymint to Mr. Moriarty that was calculated to convince any one that wasn't too shtubborn. But there is some people it makes no difference what you tell 'em they'd be of the same opinion still. I heerd Moriarty make use o' the argymint that he'd kick a lung out of him. McSwiggin answered this argymint by shtatin' to Moriarty that he'd hit him a puck in the forehead, an' have his hide dryin' on the fence in the mornin'. Well,

one argymint like that led on to another until finally they got kind o' excited. McSwiggin wint out on the sidewalk, an' says he, Moriarty, come out. Well, Moriarty, like an idiot, went out to him. In about five minutes I helped carry him in the house, an' the next mornin' was they down at the coort, an' bein' a lawyer an' 'quainted with the gintlemen that was implicated, I went down to the coort room meself. The judge he kind o' half rose up when he seed me comin' in, and says I to him, says I, Yer honor, I am 'quainted with the pris'ner at the bar, says I, an' wid yer koind permission, says I, I'd like to spake a few words in his behalf. Well, the judge said I could do it. Now the first thing that any fust-class lawyer would do would be to ketch the jury and then you have the whole case right under your thumb. So, says I, I never had the pleasure, says I, of addressin' a more intelligent-looking jury in me life, says I, but I observe that there's a few of those in the jury box, says I, that don't seem to understand exactly what I'm talkin' about, says I. But, says I, on the other hand, says I, there's a few very extraordinary intelligent-lookin' men in the jury box, says I, an' I'm led to believe by the manner in which they gaze upon me, says I, that they don't understand what I'm talkin' about either, says I, an' for that reason, says I, I'll elucidate. Well, when I give 'em that word they give a kind of a lep, an' they seed the kind of man they had to deal with and that I was no slouch an' that I was well posted. Now, says I, gentlemen of the jury, says I, I will give you the law in the case, says I, an' to illustrate that to you, says I, I'll tell you a little anecdote (an anecdote will go a long way wid a jury). I was takin' dinner a Sunday week wid his family, says I, an' I heerd him makin' use of the remark to his wife, Mary Ann, says he, I am a mild mannered man, says he, an' I'd scorn to rise me hand to strike a woman, says he, but if you evir have corn beef and cabbage again on a Sunday dinner, says he, I'll take that chair,

says he, an' I'll break your back. Now this anecdote, gentlemine of the jury, says I, will illustrate to you, says I, that he is a mild mannered man, says I, an' a man that would think twice before he would do a thing once, says I. An' he put it to him, says I, in a mild manner, an' he had no right to go out if he didn't want to, says I, and he has nine points of the law in his favor, says I, an' you can't touch him. Then I seed that I had the jury completely wid me and I could sway them this way or swing them that way, and that's the time you drop the jury. I thin turned me attention to the judge, an' he bein' a man more like meself—of coorse I would not undertake to give him the law in the case—I says to him merely, says I, Yer honor, says I, this is a simple case, says I, of habus corpus fury fracas. Take your seat, says the judge. I struggled on for about ten minutes an' gave it to 'im very heavy, an' the judge says to an officer standin' near, Officer, says he, put that man down. He thought I was tired. The officer laid hold of me and held me down in a chair. D'ye know the old judge never gave the jury a shot at the case at all. He turned right to the prisoner and he says, Prisoner at the bar, says he, I'll give you twelve years at hard labor, an' if that man there had shpoke another half minute, I'd have ordered you hung.

HE DIDN'T WANT THE 'SCRIPTION

HE was an old man, and he had a bit of conductor's pasteboard stuck in his hat. He walked into the drug store and inquired:

"Have you got any good whiskey?"

"Yes, sir," replied the gentlemanly druggist.

"Gimme half a pint."

"Have you got a doctor's prescription?"

"No."

"Can't sell it then, sir. Jury in session; must be strict."

"Where can I get a doctor?" sadly inquired the aged inebriate.

"I'm a physician, sir," winningly responded the druggist.

"Can't you give me that—what you call it, 'scription?"

"Well, I might."

And the doctor wrote out a prescription blank, calling for so many ounces of *spiritus frumenti*. He filled a snug-looking bottle with the article, pasted a label on it, numbered to correspond with the paper, and presenting the bottle to the venerable roysterer, remarked, in the most business-like way imaginable:

"A dollar and a half, sir."

"A dollar and a half!" gasped his astonished customer. "Ain't that pretty high, mister?"

"It's our price—a dollar for the prescription, and fifty cents for the medicine."

"Yes, well," slowly replied the wicked old duffer, as he slowly buttoned up the half-pint in his overcoat pocket; "I guess, boss, that I don't want the 'scription. Here's your half a dollar," and he stuck his tongue in one side of his mouth, winked ironically at him of the mortar and pestle, and walked out.

ARTIE'S "AMEN"

THEY were Methodists twain, of the ancient school,
Who always followed the wholesome rule
That whenever the preacher in meeting said
Aught that was good for the heart or head,
His hearers should pour their feelings out
In a loud "Amen" or a godly shout.

Three children had they, all honest boys,
Whose youthful sorrows and youthful joys

They shared, as your loving parents will,
While tending them ever through good and ill.

One day—'twas a bleak, cold Sabbath morn,
When the sky was dark and the earth forlorn—
These boys, with a caution not to roam,
Were left by the elder folk at home.

But scarce had they gone when the wooded frame
Was seen by the tall stove-pipe aflame;
And out of their reach, high, and higher,
Rose the red coils of the serpent fire.

With startled sight for a while they gazed,
As the pipe grew hot and the wood-work blazed;
Then up, though his heart beat wild with dread,
The eldest climbed to a shelf o'erhead,
And soon, with a sputter and hiss of steam,
The flame died out like an angry dream.

When the father and mother came back that day—
They had gone to a neighboring church to pray—
Each looked, but with half-averted eye,
On the awful doom which had just passed by.

And then the father began to praise
His boys with a tender and sweet amaze.
"Why, how did you manage, Tom, to climb
And quench the threatening flames in time
To save your brothers and save yourself?"
"Well, father, I mounted the strong oak shelf
By the help of the table standing nigh."
"And what," quoth the father, suddenly,
Turning to Jemmy, the next in age,
"Did you to quiet the fiery rage?"
"I brought the pail and the dipper too,
And so it was that the water flew
All over the flames, and quenched them quite."

A mist came over the father's sight,
A mist of pride and of righteous joy,
As he turned at last to his youngest boy—
A gleeful urchin scarce three years old,
With his dimpling cheeks and his hair of gold.
"Come, Artie, I'm sure you weren't afraid;
Now tell me in what way you tried to aid
This fight with the fire." "Too small am I,"
Artie replied, with a half-drawn sigh,
"To fetch like Jemmy, and work like Tom;
So I stood just here for a minute dumb,
Because, papa, I was frightened some;
But I prayed, 'Our Father;' and then—and then
I shouted as loud as I could, 'Amen.'"

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

MICK'S COURTSHIP

"COME, sit by the fire, Mick Mahoney,
And draw up your chair by the blaze."
"It's a foine place ye have, altogether,"
Said Mickey, takin' his aise.

"An' it's not so bad, Misther Mahoney,
(Pace to the soul of poor Pat!)"
Said the widdy, fetchin' the rocker
Nearer to where Mickey sat.

"Wid the pig an' the nate little shanty,
The praty-patch—sure, an' it's ripe—
An' the purtiest widdy, be jabers!"
Said Mickey, lighting his pipe.

"Git out wid ye, Mickey Mahoney,"
Said the widdy, twitchin' her chair.
"Git out, whin ye axed me to inter?"
Cried Mick, boldly stroking her hair.

"Would ye lave a man sad and distressful,
As howly Saint Peter would say:
'Jest a pape at swate heaven I'll give ye,
An' git out,' when he axed me to stay?"

"Now, Mick," said the widdy, "'tain't dacint,
Wid the stone not yit on Pat's head."
"Axin' pardon," said Mick, "but Pat's sinceless,
Your smilin' would waken the dead!"

"Oh, Mickey, don't, don't be onfeelin'!
Ah, whirra! me heart is so sore!"
"There, there, swatest Mollie, stop wailin',"
An' Mickey wint down on the floor.

"Come, be me own darlint, me Mollie,
An' lave off the grievin'. Come, whist!"
An' before the sad widdy could hinder,
She was smilin', an' poutin', an' kissed!

SEQUEL

An' Mickey moved into the shanty,
Wid the widdy, an' praties, an' pig.
Said he: "Pace to the sowl of poor Patrick!"
Whin he passed 'round the jug at the jig.

Said the widdy, a tear on her lashes:
"Ah, Mickey's the broth of a b'hy;
While me heart is a-breakin' for Patrick
Me body is thrillin' wid joy!"

MARIE LE BARON.

NEWSPAPER QUESTIONS

THE editor sat in his sanctum,
Regarding with sad, earnest eyes,
The huge pile of "Questions" his readers
Had sent with demand for replies.

"Why, these," said the weary quill-driver,
"Would fill up a moderate book;
I'll publish the whole lot together,
And let people see how they look!"

"Who was it wrote that sweet ditty
Beginning 'I saw from somewhere'?"

"Pray tell me some certain specific
For changing the color of hair?"

"What is the name of the author
Of 'No, we'll never go home'?"

"Did Shakespeare write 'Down in a Coal-Mine'?"
"Who was the third pope of Rome?"

"Do North Polar fishes have feathers?"

"Was Wat Tyler quartered or hung?"

"Where was the first man cremated?"

"Who was it invented the bung?"

"Do buffaloes ever eat sauer kraut?"

"Where can I get some snails' horns?"

"Which of the Muses played short-stop?"

"Did Bonaparte ever have corns?"

"What was the air Nero fiddled?"

"Do hard-shell clams ever yield pearls?"

"How many biles did poor Job have?"

"What will cure squinting in girls?"

"Why are some people red-headed?"

"Why don't my young man propose?"

"What was the matter with Hannah?"

"Why don't I turn out my toes?"

"Did the Prodigal Son use tobacco?"

"What do you think ails my cat?"

"Had Nebuchadnezzar four stomachs?"

"How shall I trim my new hat?"

"Tell me where Moses was buried?"

"Did Noah take fleas in the Ark?"

"What was Eve's middle initial?"

"Why is it that hens do not bark?"

"I like," said the editor, smiling—

"I like these people who seek
For knowledge, and I like to give it;
I'll answer their questions next week;
I'd like, too, to get them together;
They'd think immortality leaked;
I'd answer their questions as promised,
Tho' most folks would call it necks tweaked.

BROTHER GARDNER'S DIFFICULTY

How wicked we are when we sot down and fink it ober. While I keep tryin' to believe in heaben, I keep wonderin' how any of us will eber git dar. We must not envy, an' yit we do envy. We mus' not b'ar false witness, an' yit we am foreber stretchin' de truf. We mus' not lie, an' yet it comes so handy dat we can't help it. We mus' not steal, an'—an' some of us don't. Dat is, we doan' git inter a posishun to handle de funds. We mus' not be jealous, an' yit when de woman across de way, whose husband airns \$6 per week, sails out wid fo' new bonnets a ya'r, am it human natur' for my ole woman to look arter her an' not wish she had hold of her back ha'r? We mus' not sw'ar, an' yit what am I to do when I strike the eand of a sidewalk plank wid my fut, or whack my thumb wid he hammer? Am it to be supposed dat I will calmly sot down an' sing a gospel hymn?

When we trade hosses wid a man, we cheat him. When a man wants to borry half a dollar of us we lie to him. We play keerds, dance, go to the theater an' circus, an' we doan' turn our backs on a dog fight. I tell you we am all poo' weak human bein's, an' eben while we flatter ourselves dat we am slidin' 'long tor'ds heaben at de rate of a mile a minute, we am already to pass a lead nickel on a street kyar company, or pocket de five-dollah bill foun' in de Post-office. When I sot down at night an' pull off my

butes an' put my feet in de oven an' get to thinkin' of how hard I try to be good, an' how pow'ful easy it is to be bad, I become so absorbed in my thoughts dot de ole woman has to hit me on de ear wid a 'tater to bring me back to airth an' start me out arter an armful of wood. Gemlen, let us continer to try to be angels, but let us count on wrestlin' wid Satan about fo'ty times a day, an' on bein' frown flat on our backs ebry blessed time.

DETROIT FREE PRESS.

ON A RICH MAN'S TABLE

THERE sat two glasses filled to the brim
On a rich man's table, rim to rim.
One was ruddy, and red as blood,
And one was clear as the crystal flood.
Said the glass of wine to the paler brother,
"Let us tell the tales of the past to each other.
I can tell of banquet and revel and mirth,
And the proudest and grandest souls on earth
Fell under my touch as though struck by blight,
Where I was king, for I ruled in might.
From the heads of kings I have torn the crown,
From the height of fame I have hurled men down;
I have blasted many an honored name,
I have taken virtue and given shame;
I have tempted the youth with a sip, a taste,
That has made his future a barren waste.
Far greater than any king am I,
Or than any army beneath the sky;
I have made the arm of the driver fail,
And sent the train from the iron rail;
I have made good ships go down at sea,
And the shrieks of the lost were sweet to me;
For they said: 'Behold, how great you be!
Fame, strength, wealth, genius before you fall,
And your might and power are over all.'

Ho! ho! pale brother," laughed the wine,
"Can you boast of deeds as great as mine?"
Said the water glass: "I cannot boast
Of a king dethroned or a murdered host;
But I can tell of a heart once sad
By my crystal drops made light and glad;
Of thirst I've quenched and brows I've laved;
Of hands I have cooled and souls I have saved;
I have leaped through the valley, dashed down the
mountain,
I flowed in the river and played in the fountain,
Slept in the sunshine and dropt from the sky,
And everywhere gladdened the landscape and eye.
I have eased the hot forehead of fever and pain,
I have made the parched meadows grow fertile with
grain;
I can tell of the powerful wheel of the mill,
That ground out the flour, and turned at my will;
I can tell of manhood debased by you,
That I have lifted and crowned anew.
I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid;
I gladden the heart of man and maid;
I set the chained wine-captive free,
And all are better for knowing me."
These are the tales they told each other,
The glass of wine and paler brother,
As they sat together filled to the brim,
On the rich man's table, rim to rim.

THE STORY OF THE BAD LITTLE BOY

ONCE there was a bad little boy whose name was Jim; though, if you will notice, you will find that bad little boys are nearly always called James, in your Sunday-school books. It was very strange, but still it was true, that this one was called Jim.

He didn't have any sick mother, either—a sick mother who was pious, and had the consumption, and

would be glad to lie down in the grave and be at rest, but for the strong love she bore her boy, and the anxiety she felt that the world would be harsh and cold toward him when she was gone. Most bad boys in the Sunday-school books are named James, and have sick mothers who teach them to say, "Now I lay me down," etc., and sing them to sleep with sweet, plaintive voices, and then kiss them good-night, and kneel down by the bedside and weep. But it was different with this fellow. He was named Jim; and there wasn't anything the matter with his mother—no consumption, or anything of that kind. She was rather stout than otherwise; and she was not pious; moreover, she was not anxious on Jim's account. She said if he were to break his neck, it wouldn't be much loss. She always spanked Jim to sleep; and she never kissed him good-night; on the contrary, she boxed his ears when she was ready to leave him.

Once this bad boy stole the key of the pantry, and slipped in there, and helped himself to some jam, and filled up the vessel with tar, so that his mother would never know the difference; all at once a terrible feeling didn't come over him, and something didn't seem to whisper to him, "Is it right to disobey my mother? Isn't it sinful to do this? Where do bad little boys go who gobble up their good, kind mother's jam?" and then he didn't kneel down all alone and promise never to be wicked any more, and rise up with a light happy heart, and go and tell his mother all about it, and beg her forgiveness, and be blessed by her with tears of pride and thankfulness in her eyes. No; that is the way with all other bad boys in the books; but it happened otherwise with this Jim, strangely enough. He ate that jam, and said it was bully, in his sinful, vulgar way; and he put in the tar, and said that was bully also, and laughed, and observed that "the old woman would get up and snort" when she found it out; and when she did find it out, he denied knowing anything about it; and she whipped him severely; and

he did the crying himself. Everything about this boy was curious; everything turned out differently with him from the way it does to the bad Jameses in the books.

Once he climbed up in Farmer Acorn's apple-tree to steal apples; and the limb didn't break; and he didn't fall and break his arm, and get torn by the farmer's great dog, and then languish on a sick-bed for weeks, and repent and become good. Oh, no! he stole as many apples as he wanted, and came down all right; and he was all ready for the dog, too, and knocked him endways with a rock when he came to tear him. It was very strange; nothing like it ever happened in those mild little books with marbled backs, and with pictures in them of men with swallow-tailed coats, and bell-crowned hats, and pantaloons that are short in the legs; and women with the waists of their dresses under their arms, and no hoops on—nothing like it in any of the Sunday-school books.

Once he stole the teacher's penknife; and when he was afraid he would be found out, and he would get whipped, he slipped it into George Wilson's cap—poor widow Wilson's son, the moral boy, the good little boy of the village, who always obeyed his mother, and never told an untruth, and was fond of his lessons and infatuated with Sunday-school. And when the knife dropped from the cap, and poor George hung his head and blushed as if in conscious guilt, and the grieved teacher charged the theft upon him, and was just in the very act of bringing the switch down upon his trembling shoulders, a white-haired improbable justice of the peace did not suddenly appear in their midst, and strike an attitude, and say, "Spare this noble boy; there stands the cowering culprit. I was passing the school-door at recess, and, unseen myself, I saw the theft committed." And then Jim didn't get whaled; and the venerable justice didn't read the tearful school a homily, and take George by the hand, and say such a boy deserved to be exalted, and then tell him to come

and make his home with him, and sweep out the office, and make fires, and run errands, and chop wood, and study law, and help his wife to do household labors, and have all the balance of the time to play, and get forty cents a month, and be happy. No; it would have happened that way in the books; but it didn't happen that way to Jim. No meddling old clam of a justice dropped in to make trouble, and so the model boy George got thrashed; and Jim was glad of it, because, you know, Jim hated moral boys. Jim said he was "down on them milksops." Such was the coarse language of this bad, neglected boy.

But the strangest things that ever happened to Jim was the time he went boating on Sunday and didn't get drowned, and that other time that he got caught out in the storm when he was fishing on Sunday, and didn't get struck by lightning. Why, you might look and look and look through the Sunday-school books from now till next Christmas, and you would never come across anything like this. Oh, no! you would find that all the bad boys who go boating on Sunday invariably get drowned; and all the bad boys who get caught out in storms when they are fishing on Sunday infallibly get struck by lightning. Boats with bad boys in them always upset on Sunday; and it always storms when bad boys go fishing on the Sabbath. How this Jim ever escaped is a mystery to me.

This Jim bore a charmed life; that must have been the way of it. Nothing could hurt him. He even gave the elephant in the menagerie a plug of tobacco; and the elephant didn't knock the top of his head off with his trunk. He browsed around the cupboard after essence of peppermint, and didn't make a mistake and drink aqua-fortis. He stole his father's gun, and went hunting on the Sabbath, and didn't shoot three or four of his fingers off. He struck his little sister on the temple with his fist when he was angry; and she didn't linger in pain through long summer days, and die with sweet words of forgiveness upon

her lips that redoubled the anguish of his breaking heart. No; she got over it. He ran off and went to sea at last, and didn't come back and find himself sad and alone in the world, his loved ones sleeping in the quiet churchyard, and the vine-embowered home of his boyhood tumbled down and gone to decay. Ah, no! he came home drunk as a piper, and got into the station-house the first thing.

And he grew up, and married, and raised a large family, and brained them all with an axe one night, and got wealthy by all manner of cheating and rascality; and now he is the infernalesst wickedest scoundrel in his native village, and is universally respected, and belongs to the legislature.

So you see there never was a bad James in the Sunday-school books that had such a streak of luck as this sinful Jim with the charmed life.

MARK TWAIN.

OUR CHOIR

THERE'S Jane Sophia,
And Ann Maria,
With Obadiah
And Zedekiah
In our choir.

And Jane Sophia soprano sings
So high you'd think her voice had wings
To soar above all earthly things
When she leads off on Sunday.
While Ann Maria's alto choice
Rings out in such harmonious voice,
That sinners in the church rejoice
And wish she'd sing till Monday.

Then Obadiah's tenor high
Is unsurpassed beneath the sky;

Just hear him sing "Sweet by-and-by,"
And you will sit in wonder;
While Zedekiah's bass profound
Goes down so low it jars the ground
And wakes the echoes miles around,
Like distant rolling thunder.

Talk not to us of Patti's fame,
Or Nicolini's tenor tame,
Or Cary's contralto—but a name—
Or Whitney's pond'rous basso!
They sing no more like Jane Sophia,
And Ann Maria, Obadiah,
And Zedekiah in our choir,
Then cats sing like Tomasso!

HOW IT HAPPENED

How did it happen? you want to know?
Well, old boy, I can hardly tell.
Off we went o'er the frozen snow;
Merrily jingled each silvery bell.
I was awkward and she was shy.
Jove! what a ride we had that night!
Trees and houses a-flying by,
Her cheeks a-glow and her eyes a-light.

What did I say? I said 'twas cold;
Tucked the robes round her dainty feet,
While her hair, in the starlight, shone like gold
And her laughter echoed so clear and sweet.
And then we drove around the mill,
Across the river, above the glen,
Where the brooklet's voice was hushed and still
And I said—that it looked like frost again.

And somehow I held her hands in mine—
Only to keep them warm, you know—

While brighter the starlight seemed to shine,
And diamonds sparkled upon the snow;
And—well, old boy, so it happened then
I won my love while the night grew old.
What do you say? Did it freeze again?
Maybe; but we didn't feel the cold.

THE LECTURE

SHE spoke of the Rights of Woman,
In words that glowed and burned;
She spoke of the worm down-trodden
And said that the worm had turned!
She proved by columns of figures
That whatever a man essayed,
A woman could do far better—
In politics, art, or trade.

She painted in fervid colors
The bright millennial day
When Man should bow submissive
Neath woman's wiser sway.
She said—but her words were frozen—
Her eyes were wide with fear—
She mounted the chair, the table—
Then faintly gasped: "He's here!"

Curiosity—excitement—
Dread—overwhelmed the house!
We were rising for her rescue
When—we saw a tiny mouse.
He scurried over the platform,
And swiftly the monster ran,
Yet he was killed in a moment
By that Paltry Thing, a man!

Then what sympathetic murmurs
Rose quivering on the air!

And smelling-salts were proffered
To the heroine in the chair.

Lastly, one resolution

Was read, and passed in a trice;
"Resolved—though Men are so useless,
They're needed for killing mice."

E. T. CORBETT.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS, BY MISS TABITHA PRIM-ROSE

My hearers—male and female—Squenchin' my native modesty, which is nateral to all uv the weaker vessels uv whom I am which, I feel impelled to speak to yoo this evenin' on the subjeck uv woman—her origin, her mission, her destiny—a subjeck, bein' ez I am a woman myself, I hev given much attention to.

Man, my hearers, claims to be the sooperior uv woman! Is it so? and ef so, in what, and how much? Wuz he the fust creation? He wuz, my hearers; but what does that prove? Man wuz made fust, but the experience gained in makin' man wuz applied to the makin uv a betterer and more finerer bein', uv whom I am a sample. Nacher made man, but saw in a breef space uv time that he coodent take care uv hisself alone, and so he made a woman to take care uv him, and that's why we wuz created, though seein' all the trouble we hev I don't doubt that it would hev been money in our pocket ef we hedn't been made at all.

Imagine, my antiquated sisters, Adam afore Eve wuz made! Who sewed on his shirt buttons? Who cooked his beefsteak? Who made his coffee in the mornin', and did his washin'? He wuz mizable, he wuz—he must hev boarded out and eat hash! But when Eve come the scene changed. Her gentle hand soothed his akin brow when he come in from a hard day's work. She hed his house in order. She hed

his slippers and dressin'-gown ready, and after tea he smoked his meerschaum in peace.

Men, cruel, hard, hard-hearted men, assert that Eve wuz the cause uv his expulsion from Eden—that she plucked the apple and give him half. Oh, my sisters, it's true! it's too true, but what uv it? It proves, fustly, her goodness. Hed Adam plucked the apple, ef it hed bin a good one, he'd never thought uv his wife at home, but would hev gobbled it all. Eve, angel that we all are, thought uv him, and went havers with him. Secondly, it wuz the means uv good, anyhow. It introdoost death into the world, which separated 'em while they still hed love for each other. I appeal to the sterner sex present to-night. Would you, oh would you desire for immortality, onless indeed, you lived in Injeany, where you could git divorces and change your names wunst in 10 or 15 years? S'pos'n all uv you hed bin fortunate enough to win sich virgin souls ez me, could you endure charms like mine for a eternity? Methinks not. I know that ef I hed a husband he would bless Eve for interdoosin' death into the world.

I progress. Woman, then, is man's ekal, but is she okkepyin her proper speer? Alas not! we are deprived uv the ballot, and ain't allowed to make stump speeches or take part in pollitix. Is it right? True we ain't ez yit learned in these matters, but what uv that? How many men vote who know what they'r votin' for, and how many stump speakers know what they'r talkin' about? I demand the ballot. I want to be a torch-light procession. I want to sit in Congris among the other old grannies. I want to demonstrate my fitness for governin' by comin' home elevated on 'leckshun nights. I want to assoom that speer which Nacher fitted me for ekally with man, but from which maskeline jealousy hez thus far excluded me. Don't say we're weak and frivolus! Weak! why I wunst know'd a female friend uv mine who had strength reglerly to carry her husband, who weighed 200 pounds

averdupois, into the house every night, after he was lifted off from a dray onto which his friends which could stand more fluids than he could hed deposited him. Many a time I've seed her lift that barrel uv whiskey with a man outside uv it.

Ez I heard some wicked boys who wuz a playin cards say, I pass.

Matrimony, thus far in the world's history, hez bin our only destiny. I am glad I hed allus strength uv mind enough to resist all propositions lookin' to my enslavement. I hed too much respeck for myself to make myself the slave uv a man. Wunst, indeed, I might hev done so, but the merest accident in the world saved me. A young man, in my younger days, when the bloom wuz on the peach, ere sleepless nights spent in meditatin' the wrongs uv my sex had worn furrows into these wunst blushin cheeks, a young man come to our house and conversed sweetly with me. It wuz my fust beau; and oh, my sisters, hed he that night asked me to be his'n I should hev bin weak enough to hev said yes, and I would hev bin a washer uv dishes and a mender uv stockins for life. But fate saved me. **HE DIDN'T ASK ME**—that night nor never afterwards—and, hallelujy! I'm free!

Again. I demand the right uv standin up in the cars the same as men, instead of havin' a dozen uv 'em start up when I enter coz I'm a woman! Why should they? Wuz these limbs given me by Nacher, for what? I resent with skor-r-r-n the implied insult. I hev seen bearded men stand up to let a little chit uv 18 (O, my sisters, ef there is a provokin' objick in this world it's a smooth-faced girl uv 18; they know so little of life and let on they know so much,) set down, when the night afore that same girl hed waltzed 20 miles, and ef she hadn't tired all her partners out, could hev waltzed 20 more. I'm disgusted with sich.

There hev bin women in the world who hev done suthin. There wuz the queen uv Sheba, who wuz egg-selled only by Solomon, and all that surprized her in

him wuz that he could support 3,000 women. Bless Solomon's heart, I'd like to see him do it now! Where could he find a house big enough to hold 'em? He'd hev to put a wing on each side of the temple, and put another story on top uv it. And there wuz Joan of Arc, who walloped the English, who wuz maid uv Orleans, which wuzn't the same as Noah's Ark, for that wuz *made* of gopher wood, besides the latter was pitched without and pitched within. There wuz Queen Elizabeth, who wuz the Virgin Queen, and—but I propel.

How shall we gain our lost rights, and assume that position in the world to which we are entitled to? O, my sisters, these is a question upon which I have cogitated long and vigorously. We might do it by pisenin' all the men, but we would be robbed uv one-half uv our triumph, for they wouldn't be alive to see how well we did things without 'em; and besides, who'd pay our bills, and then what would become uv the next generation? We might resolve to do no more uv the degradin' work they hev imposed onto us, but if we didn't who would? One week's eatin' what they would cook would sicken a well-regulated woman; and besides, they might not let us eat at all. We can't be nothin' else but women, but let us be women in a grand style. Let's refuse to kiss 'em or be kissed by 'em till they come to terms; let's preserve a keeful coldness toward 'em till they acknowledge our ekality. This I have practiced for years. I allow no young man to throw his arms around my waist, and pressin' me to his buzzum, imprint upon my virgin lips the impassioned kiss uv love. Ef one should attempt it this minute, I should exclaim, "My *civil* rights fust, the *marriage* rights afterward!" Try it, young sisters! and ef that don't fetch 'em to terms, write me post-paid, and I'll send suthin' that will.

ST. PATRICK'S MARTYRS

I WONDER what the mischief was in her, for the mistress was niver contrairy,
But this same is just what she said to me, just as sure
as my name is Mary;

"Mary," says she, all a-smiling and swate like, "the young ladies are coming from France,
And we'll give them a welcome next Monday, with an elegant supper and dance."

"Is it Monday, ye're maning?" says I; "ma'am, why, thin, I'm sorry to stand in yer way,
But it's little of work I'll do Monday, seeing that Monday's St. Patrick's Day;
And sure it's meself that promised to go wid Cousin Kitty Malone's brother Dan,
And bad luck to Mary Magee," says I, "if she disappoints such a swate young man!"

"Me children have been away four years"—and she spoke in a very unfeelin' way—
"Ye cannot expect I shall disappoint them either for you or St. Patrick's Day;
I know nothing about St. Patrick." "That's true for ye, ma'am, more's the pity," says I,
"For it's niver the likes of ye has the luck to be born under the Irish sky."

Ye see I was getting past jokin'—and she sitting there so aisy and proud,
And me thinking of the Third Avenue, and the procession and music and crowd;
And it crossed me mind that minit consarnin Thady Mulligan's supper and dance,
Says I, "It's not Mary Magee, ma'am, that can stay for ladies coming from France."

"Mary," says she, "two afternoons each week—ivery
Wednesday and ivery Monday—
Ye've always had, besides ivery early Mass, and yer
Vespers ivery other Sunday,
And yer friends hev visited at me house, two or three
of them ivery night."
"Indade thin," says I, "that was nothin' at all but
ivery dacent girl's right!"

"Very well, thin," says she, "ye can lave the house,
and be sure to take wid ye yer 'right';
And if Michael and Norah think just as ye do, ye can
all of ye lave to-night."
So just for St. Patrick's glory we wint; and, as sure
as Mary Magee is me name,
It's a house full of nagurs she's got now, which the
same is a sin and a shame.

Bad luck to them all! A body, I think, had need of
a comfortable glass;
It's a miserable time in Ameriky for a dacent Irish-
born lass,
If she sarves the saints, and is kind to her friends, then
she loses her home and her pay,
And there's thousands of innocent martyrs like me on
ivery St. Patrick's Day.

NOTHING AT ALL IN THE PAPER TO-DAY

NOTHING at all in the paper to-day!
Only a murder somewhere or other,—
A girl who has put her child away,
Not being a wife as well as a mother.
Or a drunken husband beating a wife,
With the neighbors lying awake to listen;
Scarce aware he has taken a life
Till in at the window the dawn-rays glisten.

But that is all in the regular way—
There's nothing at all in the paper to-day.

Nothing at all in the paper to-day!

To be sure there's a woman died of starvation,
Fell down in the street—as so many may
In this very prosperous Christian nation.
Or two young girls, with some inward grief
Maddened, have plunged in the inky waters,
Or a father has learnt that his son's a thief,
Or a mother been robbed of one of her daughters,
Things that occur in the regular way—
There's nothing at all in the paper to-day.

There's nothing at all in the paper to-day,

Unless you care about things in the city—
How great rich rogues for their crimes must pay
(Though all gentility cries out "Pity!"),
Like the meanest shop-boy that robs a till.
There's a case to-day, if I'm not forgetting,
The lad only "borrowed" as such lads will—
To pay some money he lost in betting.
But there's nothing in this that's out of the way—
There's nothing at all in the paper to-day.

Nothing at all in the paper to-day

But the births and bankruptcies, deaths and marriages,
But life's events in the old survey,
With Virtue begging, and Vice in carriages;
And kindly hearts under ermine gowns,
And wicked breasts under hodden gray,—
For goodness belongs not only to clowns,
And o'er others than lords does sin bear sway.
But what do I read?—"Drowned! wrecked!" Did I
say
There was nothing *at all* in the paper to-day?

A DEFENSE OF XANTIPPE

XANTIPPE, I know, was a terrible scold,
But only one half of that story's been told;
For Xan had to worry and cut and contrive,
To keep half-a-dozen young "Soccies" alive,
While their slouchy old father,—the wise Socrates,
Penniless, hatless, and bare to the knees,—
In a greasy old toga, paraded the pave,
Delighted all Athens with wise saws and grave;
But all the wise maxims which Socrates said
Ne'er earned for the youngsters a morsel of bread;
With never a shoe for herself or the boys,
What wonder the Madam was given to noise?

He dearly loved Athens,—her forum and "walk"
And the cavalier crowd that applauded his talk,—
Was attached to her soil, and on face, neck and limb
The soil was quite largely attached to him.
For her, in the forum, the workshop, or gate,
At morning, at noon, or at midnight he'd prate.
He talked of the beautiful,—goodness knows why,—
Of *inflatu divini* from out the blue sky;
But in spite of his wit Xantippe ne'er went
Through the old fellow's clothing and fished up a cent!
She worked like a slave, but he sat at his ease
While "chinning" with Crito or Euripides!

The stewpan was broken, and nothing to stew;
Each chair had the rickets,—the table askew,
The bed for the group, a Sicilian plank,
And still he kept "chinning,"—the logical "crank!"

Now, Socrates held that a man was well fed,
Whose *menu* consisted of water and bread;
But the bread? For you see, what made Xantippe
fuss,
He ne'er earned his youngsters the first obolus.

He'd "chin" it all day,—but work? Not a bit!
(His speeches were marvels of beauty and wit)
No wonder *she* stormed! No wonder she railed,
And went for him there with her mop till he paled!
She doused his old toga with dish-water foul,
And keyed up her voice till it reached a wild howl!
No wonder she turned out a bit of a shrew!—
I think the old lady had reason; don't you?

HER IDEAL

SHE wanted to reach an ideal;
She talked of the lovely in art,
She quoted from Emerson's essays,
And said she thought Howells had "heart."
She doted on Wagner's productions,
She thought comic opera low,
And she played trying tunes on a zither,
Keeping time with a sandal-shod toe.

She had dreams of a nobler existence,—
A bifurcated, corsetless place,
Where women would stand free and equal
As queens of a glorious race.
But her biscuits were deadly creations
That caused people's spirits to sink;
And she'd views upon matters religious
That drove her relations to drink.

She'd opinions on co-education,
But not an idea on cake;
She could analyze Spencer or Browning,
But the new kitchen range wouldn't bake.
She wanted to be esoteric,
And she wore the most classical clothes;
But she ended by being hysteric
And contracting a cold in the nose.

She studied of forces hypnotic,
She believed in theosophy quite;
She understood themes prehistoric,
And said that the faith cure was right.
She wanted to reach an ideal,
And at clods unpoetic would rail—
Her husband wore fringe on his trousers
And fastened them on with a nail!

KATE MASTERSON.

WHAT MEN HAVE NOT FOUGHT FOR

My dear boy, men have fought, bled, and died, but not for beer. Arnold Winkelried did not throw himself upon the Austrian spears because he was ordered to close his saloon at nine o'clock. William Tell did not hide his arrow under his vest to kill the tyrant because the edict had gone forth that the free-born Switzer should not drink a keg of beer every Sunday. Freedom did not shriek as Kosciusko fell over a whiskey barrel. Warren did not die that beer might flow as the brooks murmur, seven days a week. Even the battle of Brandywine was not fought that whiskey might be free. No clause in the Declaration of Independence declares that a Sunday concert garden, with five brass horns and one hundred kegs of beer is the inalienable right of a free people and the corner stone of good government.

Tea,—mild, harmless, innocent tea; the much-sneered-at temperance beverage, the feeble drink of effeminate men and good old women,—tea holds a higher place, it fills a brighter, more glorious page, and is a grander figure in the history of this United States, than beer. Men liked tea, my boy, but they hurled it into the sea in the name of liberty, and they died rather than drink it until they made it free. It seems to be worth fighting for, and the best men in the world fought for it. The history of the United

States is incomplete with tea left out. As well might the historian omit Faneuil Hall and Bunker Hill, as tea. But there is no story of heroism or patriotism with rum for its hero.

The battles of this world, my son, have been fought for grander things than free whiskey. The heroes who fall in the struggle for rum, fall shot in the neck, and their martyrdom is clouded by the haunting phantoms of the jim-jams. Whiskey makes men fight, it is true, but they usually fight other drunken men. The champion of beer does not stand in the temple of fame; he stands in the police court. Honor never has the delirium tremens, glory does not wear a red nose, and fame blows a horn, but never takes one.

R. J. BURDETTE.

FASHIONABLE

A FASHIONABLE woman
In a fashionable pew;
A fashionable bonnet
Of a fashionable hue;
A fashionable mantle
And a fashionable gown;
A fashionable Christian
In a fashionable town;
A fashionable prayer-book
And a fashionable choir;
A fashionable chapel
With a fashionable spire;
A fashionable preacher
With a fashionable speech;
A fashionable sermon
With a fashionable reach;
A fashionable welcome
At the fashionable door;
A fashionable penny
For the fashionable poor;

A fashionable heaven
And a fashionable hell;
A fashionable Bible
For this fashionable belle;
A fashionable kneeling
And a fashionable nod;
A fashionable everything,
But no fashionable God.
MERCHANT TRAVELER.

NO PLACE FOR BOYS

WHAT can a boy do and where can a boy stay,
If he is always told to get out of the way?
He cannot sit here and he must not stand there,
The cushions that cover that fine rocking chair
Were put there of course to be seen and admired;
A boy has no business to ever be tired.
The beautiful roses and flowers that bloom
On the floor of the darkened and delicate room
Are not made to walk on—at least, not by boys;
The house is no place, anyway, for their noise.
Yet boys must walk somewhere; and what if their
feet,
Sent out of our houses, sent into the street,
Should step round the corner and pause at the door,
Where other boys' feet have paused often before;
Should pass through the gateway of glittering light,
Where jokes that are merry and songs that are bright
Ring out a warm welcome with flattering voice,
And temptingly say: "Here's a place for the boys."
Ah, what if they should? What if your boy or mine
Should cross o'er the threshold which marks out the
line
'Twixt virtue and vice, 'twixt pureness and sin,
And leave all his innocent boyhood within?
Oh, what if they should, because you and I,
While the days and the months and the years hurry by,

Are too busy with cares and with life's fleeting joys
To make round our hearthstone a place for the boys?
There's a place for the boys. They will find it some-
where;

And if our own homes are too daintily fair
For the touch of their fingers, the tread of their feet,
They'll find it, and find it, alas, in the street.
'Mid the gildings of sin and the glitter of vice;
And with heartaches and longings we pay a dear price
For the getting of gain that our lifetime employs,
If we fail to provide a place for the boys.

A place for the boys, dear mother, I pray.
As cares settle down round our short earthly way,
Don't let us forget by our kind, loving deeds,
To show we remember their pleasures and needs;
Though our souls may be vexed with the problems
of life,

And worn with besetments, and toiling and strife,
Our hearts will keep younger—your tired heart and
mine—

If we give them a place in their innermost shrine;
And to our life's latest hour 'twill be one of our joys
That we kept a small corner—a place for the boys.

WOMAN'S CAREER

SHE was a fair girl graduate, enrobed in spotless
white,

And on her youthful features shone a look of holy
light.

She bent with grace her dainty head to receive the
ribbon blue

Whence hung the silver medal adjudged to be her
due.

I watched her face with rapture as she raised to
heaven her eyes

And moved her lips in prayer as her fingers clasped
the prize;
For I knew to education she had pledged her coming
days,
To unclasp poor woman's fetters and free her from
man's ways.

Time passed, our pathways parted; but ever and
anon
My thoughts would stray toward her and I'd specu-
late upon
What my graduate was doing—if athwart the scroll
of fame,
Among unselfish workers, had been written high her
name.
At last I chanced to meet her, but her books were
pushed aside,
While around a dainty garment she sewed the lace
with pride;
And at her feet her baby—dimpled, happy, crowing
youth—
Upon that silver medal was cutting his first tooth.

LIFE.

A CONTRAST

At her easel, brush in hand,
Clad in silk attire,
Painting "sunsets" vague and grand,
(Clumsy clouds of fire!)—
Flaxen hair in shining sheaves;
Pink and pearly skin;
Fingers, which, like lily-leaves,
Neither toil nor spin;
At her belt a sunflower bound,
Daisies on the table,
Plaques and panels all around—
That's æsthetic Mabel!

In the kitchen, fork in hand,
Clad in coarse attire,
Dishing oysters, fried and panned,
From a blazing fire;
Dusty hair in frowsy knots;
Worn and withered skin;
Fingers, brown and hard as nuts
When the frosts begin;
Baking-board, one side, aground;
Wash tub on the other;
Pots and skillets all around—
That is Mabel's mother!

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

THE FRONT GATE

AN old and crippled gate am I,
And twenty years have passed
Since I was swung up high and dry
Betwixt these posts so fast;
But now I've grown so powerful weak—
Despised by man and beast—
I'm scarcely strong enough to squeak,
Although I'm never greased.

'Twas twenty years ago, I say,
When Mr. Enos White
Came kinder hanging 'round my way
Most every other night.
He hung upon my starboard side
And she upon the tother,
Till Susan Smith became his bride,
And in due time a mother.

I groaned intensely when I heard—
Despite I am no churl—
My doom breathed in a single word:
The baby was a girl!

And as she grew and grew and grew,
I loud bemoaned my fate;
For she was very fair to view,
And I—I was the gate.

Then in due time, a lover came,
Betokening my ruin,
A dapper fellow, Brown by name,
The grown up baby wooin'!
They sprang upon me in the gloam,
And talked of moon and stars;
They are married now and live at home
Along with ma and pa.

My lot was happy for a year,
No courting night or day—
I had no thought, I had no fear
Bad luck would come my way.
But oh! this morning, save the mark!
There came a wild surprise,
A shadow flitted grim and dark
Across my sunny skies.

A doctor with a knowing smile,
A nurse with face serene,
A bustle in the home the while,
Great Scott! what can it mean?
My hinges ache; my lock is weak,
My pickets in a whirl;
I hear that awful doctor speak;
It is another girl!

ST. PETER'S POLITENESS

As Peter sat at heaven's gate
A maiden sought permission,
And begged of him, if not too late,
To give her free admission.

"What claim hast thou to enter here?"

He cried with earnest mien;

"Please, sir," said she, 'twixt hope and fear,

"I'm only just sixteen."

"Enough!" the hoary guardian said,

And the gate wide open threw;

"That is the age when every maid

Is girl and angel, too!"

HE DIDN'T AMOUNT TO SHUCKS.

THERE was Bijah, Ben an' Bart,

Who war smart;

Sons of old Abijah Blander—

See his house 'way over yander,

Whar you see that long-necked gander

On the cart?

But Bill the younges' watched the ducks,

Because he didn't amount to shucks.

I tell ye, Bijah, Ben an' Bart

Did their part!

W'y, ye never see sich bustlers,

Never see sich tarnal hustlers;

They wuz reg'lar roarin' rustlers—

They war smart!

But Bill he uster loaf an' stop,

An' loll, an' lallagag an' gawp.

An' Bill wuz lazy, so they said,

An' half dead;

Never useter laugh and holler,

Never tried to make a dollar,

But he wuz a fust-rate scholar—

A great head!

He'd take some tarnal books an' shirk,

An' let his brothers do the work.

An' they sent Bill to General Court—
Curus sport!

An' he with them air legislators,
Men, I s'pose, of sim'lar natur's,
Who thort he wuz some pertaters,
Held the fort.

His speeches wuz so full er snap
They struck 'em like a thunder clap.

He talked so well an' knew so much,
Books an' such,
Thet now he lives away up yander
In the State House—quite a gander—
An' folks call him Governor Blander.
It's too much!

The chap who useter watch the ducks
Because he didn't amount to shucks!

But what uv Bijah, Ben and Bart,
Who war smart?
Never fear thet they'll forsake us—
Bige an' Ben are good shoemakers.
Bart he drives Josiah Baker's
Butcher cart.

An' all three brag about the ducks
An' Bill who didn't amount to shucks.

SAM WALTER FOSS.

ENGINEERS MAKING LOVE

Suggestive of the way in which the engineers and
firemen salute their wives or sweethearts.

It's noon when Thirty-five is due,
An' she comes on time like a flash of light,
An' you hear her whistle, "Too-tee-too!"
Long 'fore the pilot swings in sight.

Bill Maddon's drivin' her in to-day,
An' he's callin' his sweetheart far away,—
Gertrude Hurd lives down by the mill;
You might see her blushin'; she knows it's Bill,
"Tu-die! Toot-ee! Tu-die! Tu!"

Six-five A. M. there's a local comes,
Makes up at Bristol, runnin' east;
An' the way her whistle sings an' hums
Is a livin' caution to man an' beast.

Every one knows who Jack White calls—
Little Lou Woodbury, down by the Falls;
Summer or winter, always the same,
She hears her lover callin' her name—
"Lou-ie! Lou-ie! Lou-ieee!"

But at one-fifty-one, old Sixty-four—
Boston express, runs east, clear through—
Drowns her rattle and rumble and roar
With the softest whistle that ever blew.

An' away at the furthest edge of the town
Sweet Sue Winthrop's eyes of brown
Shine like the starlight, bright and clear,
When she hears the whistle of Abel Gear,
"You-ou, Su-u-u-u-e!"

Along at midnight a freight comes in,
Leaves Berlin sometime,—I don't know when;
But it rumbles along with a fearful din
Till it reaches the Y-switch there, and then

The clearest notes of the softest bell
That out of a brazen goblet fell
Wake Nellie Minton out of her dreams;
To her like a wedding-bell it seems—
"Nell, Nell, Nell! Nell, Nell, Nell!"

Tom Wilson rides on the right hand side,
Givin' her steam at every stride;
An' he touches the whistle, low an' clear,
For Lulu Gray, on the hill, to hear—
"Lu-lu! Loo loo!"

So it goes on all day an' all night
Till the old folks have voted the thing a bore;
Old maids and bachelors say it ain't right
For folks to do courtin' with such a roar.

But the engineers their kisses will blow
From a whistle valve to the girls they know,
An' the stokers the names of their sweet-
hearts tell,
With the Belle! Nell! Dell! of the sway-
ing bell.

R. J. BURDETTE.

JIM

SAY there! P'r'aps
Some on you chaps
Might know Jim Wild?
Well,—no offense:
Thar ain't no sense
In gittin' riled!

Jim was my chum
Up on the Bar:
That's why I come
Down from up yar,
Lookin' for Jim.
Thank ye, sir! *you*
Ain't of that crew,—
Blest if you are!

Money?—Not much:
That ain't my kind;
I ain't no such.
Rum?—I don't mind,
Seein' it's you.

Well, this yer Jim,
Did you know him?—
Jess 'bout your size;
Same kind of eyes?—
Well, that is strange;
Why it's two year
Since he came here,
Sick, for a change.

Well, here's to us;
Eh?
The *deuce* you say!
Dead?—
That little cuss?

What makes you star,
You over thar?
Can't a man drop
's glass in yer shop
But you must rar'?
It wouldn't take
Derned much to break
You and your bar.

Dead!
Poor—little—Jim!
Why thar was me,
Jones, and Bob Lee,
Harry and Ben,—
No-account men;
Then to take *him*!

Well, thar—Good by,—

No more, sir,—I—

Eh?

What's that you say?

Why, dern it!—sho!—

No? Yes! By Jo!

Sold!

Sold! Why you limb,

You ornery,

Derned old

Long-legged Jim!

BRET HARTE.

THE TRIBULATIONS OF BIDDY MALONE

I'VE answered tin advortoisements in two days, but niver a place I got at all, at all. The furrest quistion they axe me is, "Can ye cook?" And whin I say "I'll thry," they tell me I'll not suit. Shure a body would think there was nothing in the worruld to do but cook, cook, cook; bad luck to the cookin'. I've been in the country jist four weeks nixt Tchuesday, and this is Monday; and I've had enough of yer Yankee cookin', and I'll have no more of it.

I've lost three places already with this cookin', shure. The furrest lady, sez she, "Can ye cook?" Sez I, "Shure, mum, I can that, for it's many a murphy I've cooked at me home beyant the sea." So I wint into the kitchen, an' me thrunk wint up to the attic. Sez the missus, afther a while, "Bridget, here's a turkey; shtuff it and roast it."

Well, at two o'clock she comes into the kitchen, and sez she, "Bridget, how is it ye are so late wid the dinner, isn't the turkey done yet?" Sez I, "I'll see, mum." I wint to the pot and took off the lid. "Look, mum," sez I. "You've burnt the fowel to paces," sez she. Sez I, "Shure you tould me to shtuff the burd and roast

it; so I shtuffed it into the pot." Well, meself and me thrunk left that same noight.

The nixt place I wint the lady was troubled wid a wakeness. Sez she, "Biddy, dear, ye'll foind a piece of bafe in the refrigeratorio; git it and make me some bafe tea." Well, afther huntin all over for the refrigeratorio, I found the mate in a chist ferninst a chunk of ice. I put the mate in the tea-pot an' lit it dhraw fur a few minuts, an' then I took it to the missus, wid a cup, a saucer an' a shpoon. "Biddy, dear," sez she, "ye needen't moind a sendin' for your thrunk." So I lost that place, too.

The nixt place was at an ould widower's house; he had two lazy childer; wan was twinty an' the other was twinty, too; they were twins, you see. Well, the butcher brought some oysters. Sez the lazy twins, "We'll have thim shtewd." Well, I did shtew thim, but the shpalpeens discharged me because I biled them like praties wid their jackets on.

So here I am, this blessed day, a poor, lone gurl, saking a place at sarvice. Bad luck to the Yankee cookin'. Well, I'll shtop at one more place,—let me see; (*pulls piece of newspaper from pocket.*) Yis, here's the advortoisement. (*Reads.*) "Wanted, a gurl in a shmall family consistin' of thirteen childer an' two adults." Well, I'd rather do their work, even if it was a big family, than be bothered with shtuffed turkey, bafe tea, or shtewd oysters. I'll call on the shmall family. (*Courtesies and exits.*)

GEORGE M. VICKERS.

THE BRAVEST BATTLE EVER FOUGHT

THE bravest battle that ever was fought,

Shall I tell you where and when?

On the maps of the world you will find it not;

'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon, or battle-shot,
With sword, or nobler pen;
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought
From mouths of wonderful men.

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart—
Of woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently bore her part—
Lo! there is that battle-field!

No marshaling troop, no bivouac song;
No banners to gleam and wave!
But oh! these battles they last so long—
From babyhood to the grave!

Yet faithful still as a bridge of stars,
She fights in her walled-up town—
Fights on, and on in the endless wars,
Then silent, unseen goes down!

Oh! ye with banners and battle-shot,
And soldier to shout and praise,
I tell you the kingliest victories fought
Are fought in these silent ways!

Oh! spotless woman in a world of shame,
With splendid and silent scorn,
Go back to God as white as you came
The kingliest warrior born.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

THE MERCHANT AND THE BOOK-AGENT

A BOOK-AGENT importuned James Watson, a rich merchant living a few miles out of the city, until he bought a book,—the "Early Christian Martyrs." Mr. Watson didn't want the book, but he bought it to get rid of the agent; then taking it under his arm he

started for the train, which takes him to his office in the city.

Mr. Watson hadn't been gone long before Mrs. Watson came home from a neighbor's. The book-agent saw her, and went in and persuaded the wife to buy a copy of the book. She was ignorant of the fact that her husband had bought the same book in the morning. When Mr. Watson came back in the evening he met his wife with a cheery smile as he said: "Well, my dear, how have you enjoyed yourself to-day? Well, I hope."

"Oh, yes! had an early caller this morning."

"Ah, and who was she?"

"It wasn't a 'she' at all; it was a gentleman,—a book-agent."

"A what?"

"A book-agent, and, to get rid of his importuning I bought his book, the 'Early Christian Martyrs,' see, here it is," she exclaimed, advancing towards her husband.

"I don't want to see it," said Watson, frowning terribly.

"Why, husband?" asked his wife.

"Because that rascally book-agent sold me the same book this morning. Now we've got two copies of the same book—two copies of the 'Early Christian Martyrs' and—"

"But husband, we can—"

"No, we can't, either!" interrupted Mr. Watson. "The man is off on the train before this. Confound it! I could kill the fellow. I—"

"Why, there he goes to the depot now," said Mrs. Watson, pointing out of the window at the retreating form of the book-agent making for the train.

"But it's too late to catch him, and I'm not dressed. I've taken off my boots, and—"

Just then Mr. Stevens, a neighbor of Mr. Watson, drove by, when Mr. Watson pounded on the window-pane in a frantic manner almost frightening the horse.

"Here, Stevens!" he shouted, "you're hitched up! Won't you run your horse down to the train and hold that book-agent till I come? Run! Catch 'im now!"

"All right," said Mr. Stevens, whipping up his horse and tearing down the road.

Mr. Stevens reached the train just as the conductor shouted "All aboard!"

"Book-agent!" he yelled, as the book-agent stepped on the train. "Book-agent! hold on! Mr. Watson wants to see you."

"Watson? Watson wants to see me?" repeated the seemingly puzzled book-agent. "Oh, I know what he wants; he wants to buy one of my books; but I can't miss the train to sell it to him."

"If that is all he wants, I can pay for it and take it back to him. How much is it?"

"Two dollars, for the 'Early Christian Martyrs,'" said the book-agent as he reached for the money and passed the book out the car-window.

Just then Mr. Watson arrived, puffing and blowing, in his shirt sleeves. As he saw the train pull out he was too full for utterance.

"Well, I got it for you," said Stevens; "just got it and that's all."

"Got what?" yelled Watson.

"Why, I got the book—'Early Christian Martyrs,' and paid—"

"By—the—great—guns!" moaned Watson, as he placed his hand to his brow and swooned right in the middle of the street.

MY NEIGHBOR

Love your neighbor as yourself—
Thus the Good Book readeth;
And I glance across the way
At my neighbor Edith,

Who, with garden-hat and gloves,
Through the golden hours
Of the sunny summer-morn,
Flits among her flowers.

Love your neighbor as yourself—
Winsome, blue-eyed girlie,
Golden gleams of sunny hair,
Dimpled, pink, and pearly.
As I lean upon the stile
And watch her at her labor,
How much better than myself
Do I love my neighbor!

Love your neighbor as yourself—
How devout I'm growing!
All my heart with fervent love
Toward my neighbor glowing.
Ah! to keep that blest command
Were the sweetest labor,
For with all my heart and soul
Do I love my neighbor!

LIZZIE CLARK HARDY.

AN ITALIAN'S VIEWS ON THE LABOR QUESTION

ONE man looka at da labor quest' one way, 'noder man looka 'noder way. I looka deesa way:

Longa time ago I gitta born in Italia. Pret' queeck I gitta big 'nough to know mya dad. I find him one worka man. Him worka hard in da hotta sun—sweat lika da wetta rag to maka da 'nough mon' to gitta da grub. Mya moth' worka too—work lika da dog. Dey make alla da kids work—mea too. Dat maka me tired. I see da king, da queen, and da richa peop' driva by in da swella style. It maka me sick. I say, "Da world alla wrong. Da rich have too mucha mon'.

too mucha softa snap. Da poor have too mucha work, too mucha dirt, too much tougha luck."

Dat maka me one dago anarchista. I hear 'bout America, da freak countra, where da worka man eata da minca pie an' da roasa beef.

I take da skip—taka da ship—sail ova da wat'—reacha Newa York.

Va! It reminda me of Naples—beautifula bay, blue sky, da plenta lazaroni and mucha dirta streets.

I look 'r-round for da easy job. It noa go. Da easy jobs alla gone.

It mora work to gitta da work dan da work itself. I gitta down on da richa peop' more anda more alla da time. Geea Whiz! Dat freea countra maka me sick!

Well, aft' while I strika da job—pounda da stone on da railaroad. It near keela me, but I eata da ver' lit' grub, weara da olda clothes, and socka da mon' in mya sock eacha day. I learna da one ting—da mon' maka da mare go.

I catcha da spirit ofa da town: I maka what you calla da progress. I find da man what maka da mon' nev' do da harda work. I quit. I buya da buncha banan', putta da banan' ina da bask ona my arm, sella him ona da street. Hulla Gee! I maka da twenty-fi' cent a day clear.

Ver' soon I have da gr-rata lotta mon'. I buya one handa org'; maka da moss, playa Ta-ra-ra boom all ova da countra; maka more mon'; den I buy Jocka da monk'. Da monk is like da businessa man—ver' smart. I maka him my cashier. Him passa da contribution box lika da deacon in da church. Him maka da face, him dance.

Da biz grow. We sella da org'—buy one streeta piano. I hira one 'sistant. Da 'sistant pusha da piano, I grinda da crank, da monk' taka da mon'.

We gitta da ver' wella off. I gitta mar-r-red. Buya me one home, sweeta home.

I investa ma mon'—buy da fruita stands on da

sidawalk—hire da cheapa dago chumps to runna da stands.

Da labor quest' ver' simp'—ver' plain. When I poor I say:—"Shoota da monopola! Keela da r-r-richa man!" Alla da same like when you in Roma do like da Roma peop'.

Now I one r-richa man. I weara da fine clothes, picka my teeth with da golda pick—weara da diamond stud—driva my team and snappa my fingers.

It maka alla da dif' in da worl' which sida da fence you stana on.

JOE KERR.

THE SONG OF THE HOUSEKEEPER

SING a song of cleaning house!

Pocket full of nails!

Four and twenty dust pans,

Scrubbing-brooms and pails!

When the door is opened,

Wife begins to sing:—

"Just help me move this bureau here,

And hang this picture, won't you, dear,

And tack that carpet by the door,

And stretch this one a little more,

And drive this nail, and screw this screw,

And here's a job I have for you—

This closet door will never catch;

I think you'll have to fix the latch.

And, oh, while you're about it, John,

I wish you'd put the cornice on,

And hang this curtain; when you're done

I'll hand you up the other one;

This box has got to have a hinge,

Before I can put on the fringe;

And won't you mend that broken chair?

I'd like a hook put right up there;

The bureau drawer must have a knob;

And here's another little job—
I really hate to ask you, dear,
But could you put a bracket here?"

And on it goes, when these are through,
With this and that, and those to do,
Ad infinitum, and more, too,
All in a merry jingle;
And isn't it enough to make
A man wish he were single? (Almost.)

FINNIGIN TO FLANNIGAN

SUPERINTENDINT wuz Flannigan;
Boss of the siction wuz Finnigin;
Whiniver the kyars got offen the thrack
An muddled up things t' th' divil an' back,
Finnigin writ it to Flannigan,
Aftther the wrick wuz all on agin;
That is, this Finnigin
Repoorted to Flannigan.

Whin Finnigin furst writ to Flannigan,
He writed tin pages, did Finnigin.
An' he tould jist how the smash occurred;
Full minny a tajus, blunderin' wurrd
Did Finnigin write to Flannigan
After the cars had gone on agin.
That wuz how Finnigin
Repoorted to Flannigan.

Now Flannigan knowed more than Finnigin;
He'd more idjucation, had Flannigan;
An' it wore 'm clane and complately out
To tell what Finnigin writ about
In his writin' to Muster Flannigan.
So he writed back to Finnigin:
"Don't do sich a sin agin;
Make 'em brief, Finnigin!"

Whin Finnigin got this from Flannigan
He blushed rosy rid, did Finnigin;
An' he said: "I'll gamble a whole month's pa-ay
That it will be minny an' minny a da-ay
Befoore Sup'rintindint, that's Flannigan,
Gits a whack at this very same sin agin.
From Finnigin to Flannigan
Repoorts won't be long agin."

Wan da-ay on the siction av Finnigin,
On the road sup'rintinded by Flannigan,
A rail gave way on a bit av a curve
An' some kyars went off as they made the swerve.
"There's nobody hurtet," sez Finnigin,
"But repoorts must be made to Flannigan."
An' he winked at McGorrigan,
As married a Finnigin.

He wuz shantyin' thin, wuz Finnigin,
As minny a railroader's been agin,
An' the shmoky ol' lamp wuz burnin' bright
In Finnigin's shanty all that night—
Bilin' down his repoort, wuz Finnigin.
An' he writed this here: "Muster Flannigan:
Off agin, on agin,
Gone agin.—Finnigin."

S. W. GILLILAN.

A WESTERN ARTIST'S ACCOMPLISHMENTS

"Do you—ahem!—do you ever print any art items in your paper?" asked a rather seedy looking man with long hair, a slouch hat, and paint on his fingers, softly edging into the inner sanctum the other day.

The managing editor glanced savagely up from his noonday sandwich, and after evidently repressing the

desire to add the long-haired party to his viands, replied in the affirmative.

"Because," continued the young man, scowling critically at a cheap chromo on the wall, "because I thought if you cared to record the progress of real esthetic art culture on this coast, you might send your art critic around to my studio to take some notes."

"Might, eh?" said the editor between chews.

"Yes, sir. For instance there's a mammoth winter storm landscape I've just finished for Mr. Mudd, the bonanza king. It's called 'A Hail-storm in the Adirondacks,' and a visitor who sat down near it the other day caught a sore throat in less than fifteen minutes. The illusion is so perfect, you understand. Why, I had to put in the finishing touch with my ulster and Arctic overshoes on!"

"Don't say?"

"Fact, sir; and then there's a little animal gem I did for Governor Clerkings the other day,—portrait of his Scotch terrier Snap. The morning it was done a cat got in the studio, and the minute it saw that picture it went through the window sash like a ten-inch shell."

"Did, eh?"

"Yes, and the oddest thing about it was that when I next looked at the canvas the dog's hair was standing up all along his back like a porcupine. Now, how do you account for that?"

"Dunno."

"It just beats me. When the governor examined the work he insisted on my painting in a post with the dog chained to it. Said he didn't know what might happen."

"Good scheme," growled the president maker.

"I don't do much in the animal line, though," continued the artist thoughtfully; "that is, since last summer I painted a setter dog for an English tourist, and shipped it to him at Liverpool. But it seems the fleas got into the box and bit so many holes in the canvas, that he threw it back on my hands."

"Too bad."

"Wasn't it, though? My best hold, however, is water views. You know George Bromley, and how abstracted he is sometimes? Well, George dropped in one morning and brought up before an eight by twelve view of the San Joaquin river with a boat on the bank in the foreground. I'm blessed if George didn't absent-mindedly take off his coat and step clear through the canvas trying to jump into that boat,—thought he'd go out rowing, you know. Speaking about the picture reminds me of a mean trick that was played on me by Dobber, whose studio is right next to mine. He was so envious of my large orders that the night before that painting was delivered he climbed over the transom and smeared out the rope that anchored the boat I spoke of, to the shore. The next morning the skiff was gone,—floated off down the stream, you see."

"I do—do I?"

"It took me four days to paint it in again,—dead loss, you see; although I believe the purchaser did agree to pay me twenty-five dollars extra in case it came back on the next tide. Pretty square of him, now, wasn't it?"

"Have they carried out that journeyman with the smallpox?" said the editor, winking at the foreman who had come in just then to swear for copy.

"Smallpox? That reminds me of a realistic historical subject I'm engaged on now, entitled 'The Plague in Egypt.' I had only completed four of the principal figures when last Thursday the janitor, who sleeps in the next room, was taken out to the hospital with the most pronounced case of leprosy you ever saw, and this morning the boy who mixes the paints began to scale off like a slate roof. I don't really know whether to keep on with the work or not. How does it strike you?"

"It strikes me that you had better slide," said the unesthetic molder of public opinion, gruffly.

"Don't care to send a reporter around, then?"

"No, sir."

"Wouldn't like to give an order for a life size 'Gutenberg discovering the printing-press,' eh?"

"Nary order."

"Don't want a seven by nine group of the staff done in oil or crayon?"

"No," said the editor, as he again lowered himself into the depths of a leader on the Roumanian Imbroglia, "but if you care to touch up two window frames, some desk legs, and the fighting editor's black eye for four bits and a lot of comic exchanges, you can sail in."

"It's a whack!" promptly ejaculated the disciple of esthetic culture; and borrowing a cigarette from the dramatic critic on account, he drifted off after his brushes.

POSTPONED

COME along, old chap, yer time's 'bout up,
'Cause now we got a brindle pup;
I 'lows it's tough an' mighty hard,
But a toothless dog's no good on guard,
So jes' trot along right after me,
An' I'll put yeh out o' yeh misery.

Now, quit yer waggin' that stumpy tail—
We ain't a-going fer rabbit er quail;
'Sides you couldn't p'int a bird no more,
Yer old an' blind an' stiff an' sore,
An' that's why I loaded the gun to-day—
Yer a-gittin' cross an' in the way.

I been thinkin' it over; 'tain't no fun,
I don't like to do it, but it's got to be done.
Got sort of a notion you know, too,
The kind of a job we're goin' to do;
Else why would yeh hang back that-a-way?
Yeh ain't ez young ez yeh once wuz, hey?

Frisky dog in them days, I note,
When yeh nailed the sneak thief by the throat;
Can't do that now, an' there ain't no need
A-keepin' a dog that don't earn his feed.
So yeh got to make way fer the brindle pup;
Come along, old chap. your time's 'bout up.

We'll travel along at an easy jog—
'Course, you don't know, bein' only a dog;
But I can mind when you wuz spryer,
'Wakin' us up when the barn caught fire—
It don't seem possible, yet I know
That wuz close onto fifteen year ago.

My! but yer hair wuz long an' thick,
When yeh pulled little Sally out o' the crick;
An' it came in handy that night in the storm,
We coddled to keep each other warm.
Purty good dog, I'll admit—but say,
What's the use o' talkin', yeh had yer day.

I'm hopin' the children won't hear the crack,
Er what'll I say when I git back?
They'd be askin' questions, I know their talk,
An' I'd have to lie 'bout a chicken hawk;
But the sound won't carry beyond this hill;
All done in a minute—don't bark, stand still.

There, that'll do; steady, quit lickin' my hand.
What's wrong with this gun, I can't understand,
I'm jest as shaky ez I can be—
Must be the agey's the matter with me.
An' that stitch in the back—what! gittin' old, too?
The—dinner—bell's—ringin'—fer—me—an'—you.
An' that stitch in the back makes it hard to hold
This here gun steady—I'm gittin' old.

Thet's what's the matter with me I allow,
(Are you sayin' yer pra-h-rs that yeh stan' so still now,

Jest a-lookin' at me?) Yes, we're all gittin' old,
An' ye're to be shot—an' th' gun to be sold,
And—phew! I never once took thought o' what
Would become o' me when I'm old and sot,

In my ways—and cross—and can't work no more,
But jest set alongside the stove—and snore,
Like Gran'pap Higgins—what some people say
His folks got tired of and sent away
To the poor-house!—old chap, I'm gittin' old, too—
Come! the dinner bell's ringin' fer me—and you!

CHARLES E. BAER.

THE WHISTLER

“You have heard,” said a youth to his sweetheart, who
stood

While he sat on a corn-sheaf, at daylight's decline,—
“You have heard of the Danish boy's whistle of wood:
I wish that the Danish boy's whistle were mine.”

“And what would you do with it? Tell me,” she said,
While an arch smile played over her beautiful face.

“I would blow it,” he answered, “and then my fair
maid

Would fly to my side and would there take her place.”

“Is that all you wish for? Why, that may be yours
Without any magic!” the fair maiden cried:

“A favor so slight one's good-nature secures;”
And she playfully seated herself by his side.

“I would blow it again,” said the youth; “and the
charm

Would work so that not even modesty's check
Would be able to keep from my neck your white arm.”

She smiled and she laid her white arm round his
neck.

"Yet once more I would blow; and the music divine
Would bring me a third time an exquisite bliss,—
You would lay your fair cheek to this brown one of
mine;
And your lips stealing past it would give me a kiss."

The maiden laughed out in her innocent glee,—
"What a fool of yourself with the whistle you'd
make!
For only consider how silly 'twould be
To sit there and whistle for what you might take."

WHAT THE LITTLE GIRL SAID

"MA's up-stairs changing her dress," said the freckle-faced little girl, tying her doll's bonnet strings and casting her eye about for a tidy large enough to serve as a shawl for that double-jointed young person.

"Oh, your mother needn't dress up for me," replied the female agent of the missionary society, taking a self-satisfied view of herself in the mirror. "Run up and tell her to come down just as she is in her every-day clothes, and not stand on ceremony."

"Oh, but she hasn't got on her every-day clothes. Ma was all dressed up in her new brown silk dress, 'cause she expected Miss Dimmond to-day. Miss Dimmond always comes over here to show off her nice things, and ma doesn't mean to get left. When ma saw you coming she said, 'the dickens!' and I guess she was mad about something. Ma said if you saw her new dress, she'd have to hear all about the poor heathen, who don't have silk, and you'd ask her for money to buy hymn books to send 'em. Say, do the nigger ladies use hymn-book leaves to do their hair up on and make it frizzy? Ma says she guesses that's all the good the books do 'em, if they ever get any books. I wish my doll was a heathen."

"Why, you wicked little girl! what do you want of a heathen doll?" inquired the missionary lady, taking a mental inventory of the new things in the parlor to get material for a homily on worldly extravagance.

"So folks would send her lots of nice things to wear, and feel sorry to have her going about naked. Then she'd have hair to frizz, and I want a doll with truly hair and eyes that roll up like Deacon Silderback's when he says amen on Sunday. I ain't a wicked girl, either, 'cause Uncle Dick—you know Uncle Dick, he's been out West and swears awful and smokes in the house—he says I'm a holy terror, and he hopes I'll be an angel pretty soon. Ma'll be down in a minute, so you needn't take your cloak off. She said she'd box my ears if I asked you to. Ma's putting on that old dress she had last year, 'cause she didn't want you to think she was able to give much this time, and she needed a muff worse than the queen of the cannon-ball islands needed religion. Uncle Dick says you oughter get to the islands, 'cause you'd be safe there, and the natives would be sorry they was such sinners anybody would send you to 'em. He says he never seen a heathen hungry enough to eat you, 'less 'twas a blind one, an' you'd set a blind pagan's teeth on edge so he'd never hanker after any more missionary. Uncle Dick's awful funny, and makes ma and pa die laughing sometimes."

"Your Uncle Richard is a bad, depraved wretch, and ought to have remained out West, where his style is appreciated. He sets a horrid example for little girls like you."

"Oh, I think he's nice. He showed me how to slide down the banisters, and he's teaching me to whistle when ma ain't around. That's a pretty cloak you've got, ain't it? Do you buy all your clothes with missionary money? Ma says you do."

Just then the freckle-faced little girl's ma came into the parlor and kissed the missionary lady on the cheek and said she was delighted to see her, and they pro-

ceeded to have a real sociable chat. The little girl's ma cannot understand why a person who professes to be so charitable as the missionary agent does should go right over to Miss Dimmond's and say such ill-natured things as she did, and she thinks the missionary is a double-faced gossip.

MUCKLE-MOUTH MEG

FROWNED the Laird on the Lord: "So, red-handed I catch thee?

Death-doomed by our law of the border!
We've a gallows outside and a chiel to dispatch thee:
Who trespasses—hangs: all's in order."

He met frown with smile, did the young English gallant:

Then the Laird's dame: "Nay, Husband, I beg!
He's comely: be merciful! Grace for the callant
—If he marries our Muckle-mouth Meg!"

"No mile-wide mouthed monster of yours do I marry,
Grant rather the gallows!" laughed he.

"Foul fare kith and kin of you—why do you tarry?"
"To tame your fierce temper!" quoth she.

"Shove him quick in the Hole, shut him fast for a week:

Cold, darkness, and hunger work wonders;
Who lion-like roars now, mouse-fashion will squeak,
And 'it rains' soon succeed to 'it thunders.'"

A week did he bide in the cold and the dark

—Not hunger; for duly at morning
In flitted a lass, and a voice like a lark
Chirped, "Muckle-mouth Meg still ye're scorning?"

Go hang, but here's parritch to hearten ye first!"

"Did Meg's muckle-mouth boast within some
Such music as yours, mine would match it or burst.
No frog-jaws! So tell folk, my Winsome!"

Soon week came to end, and, from Hole's door set
wide,

Out he marched, and there waited the lassie;
"Yon gallows, or Muckle-mouth Meg for a bride!
Consider! Sky's blue and turf's grassy;

Life's sweet; shall I say ye wed Muckle-mouth Meg?"

"Not I," quoth the stout heart; "too eerie
The mouth that can swallow the bubblyjock's egg;
Shall I let it munch mine? Never, Dearie?"

"Not Muckle-mouth Meg. Wow, the obstinate man!
Perhaps he would rather wed me!"

"Ay, would he—with just for a dowry your can!"
"I'm Muckle-mouth Meg," chirruped she.

"Then so—so—so—so—" as he kissed her apace—

"Will I widen thee out till thou turnest
From Margaret Minnikin-mou', by God's grace,
To muckle-mouth Meg in good earnest?"

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE KITCHEN CLOCK

KNITTING is the maid o' the kitchen, Milly;
Doing nothing, sits the chore boy, Billy:

"Seconds reckoned;

Every minute,

Sixty in it.

Milly, Billy,

Billy, Milly,

Tick-tock, tock-tick.

Nick-knock, knock-nick,
Knockety-nick, nickety-knock,"
Goes the kitchen clock.

Closer to the fire is rosy Milly;
Every whit as close and cozy, Billy:
"Time's a-flying,
Worth your trying;
Pretty Milly—
Kiss her, Billy!
Milly, Billy,
Billy, Milly,
Tick-tock, tock-tick,
Now—now, quick—quick!
Knockety-nick, nickety-knock,"
Goes the kitchen clock.

Something's happened, very red is Milly;
Billy boy is looking very silly;
"Pretty misses,
Plenty kisses;
Make it twenty,
Take a plenty.
Billy, Milly,
Milly, Billy,
Right-left, left-right,
That's right, all right,
Knockety-nick, nickety-knock,"
Goes the kitchen clock.

Weeks gone, still they're sitting, Milly, Billy;
Oh! the winter winds are wondrous chilly!
"Winter weather,
Close together;
Wouldn't tarry,
Better marry,
Milly, Billy,
Billy, Milly,
Two-one, one-two,

Don't wait, 'twont do,
Knockety-nick, nickety-knock,"
Goes the kitchen clock.

Winters two have gone, and where is Milly?
Spring has come again, and where is Billy?
"Give me credit,
For I did it;
Treat me kindly,
Mind you wind me.
Mister Billy,
Mistress Milly,
My—Oh! Oh!—my!
By-by, by-by,
Nickety-knock, cradle rock,"
Goes the kitchen clock.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

BRUDDER BROWN ON "APPLES"

BREDDEREN AN' SISTEREN:

I'se gwine to gib you what I hope will prove to you a fruitful disco'se,—de subject am dat ob APPLES. Dem ob my hearers dat only look upon de apple wid an eye to apple sass, apple flitters, apple pies, apple dumplins, an' apple toddies, will hardly be able to comprestand de *applecation* of my lectar;—to dem I leab de peelins, an' direct de seeds ob my disco'se to such as hab souls above apple dumplins, and taste above apple tarts.

Now de apple, accordin' to Linnæus, the phlea-botanist, am a fruit originally exported from Adam's apple-orchard in de Garden ob Eden, an' made indigenious in ebry climate 'cept de north pole an' its neighbor-boren territory de *Rolly bolly alis*.

De apple, accordin' to those renowned Lexumcographers, Samuel Johnson, Danuel Webster, Jimuel Walker, an' Doctor Skeleton McKensie, am the *py-rus molus*, which means "To be molded into pies."

De apple has been de fruit ob great tings, an' great tings hab been de fruit ob de apple. It was an apple dat fust suggested to Sir Humphrey Gravy Newtown de seeds ob the law of *grabitation*, dat wonderful, inwisible, an' unfrizable patent leber principle by which all dem luminous an' voluminous planets turn round togedder all-apart in one *E pluribus unum* ob grabity, hence de great poet Longfeller, in de fifty-leventh canto ob Lord Byron obsarves:

"Man fell by apples, an' by apples rose."

Sir Humphrey Gravy Newtown was one day snoozen fast asleep under an apple tree, when a large sized Kentucky pippen grabitated from de limb, struck him in de eye, an' all at once his eye was suddenly opened to the universal law ob grabitation:

He saw de apple *downwards* fell,
He thought, "Why not *fall up* as well,"
It proved some telegraphic spell,
Pulled it arthwise.
I wish he'd now come back an' tell
Why apples *rise*.

But, my hearers, to come to de grand point ob my larned disquisition on apples. Reasoning *ap-priori*, I proceed to dis grand fromologico-physiological phre-nomenon, dat eber since our great-grand-modder Eve and our great-great-grand-fader Adam fust tasted *apple-jack* in de orchard ob Eden, de entire human race an' woman race in partic'lar, has been impregnated wid de spirit ob de apple, an' dat all men an women, an' de rest ob mankind, may be compared to some *Genus ob de APPLE*. Dars de Philanthropist, he's a good meller pippen,—always ripe and full ob de seeds ob human kindness. Dars de Miser, he's de "grindstone" apple,—rock to de very core. Dars de Bachelor, he am a rusty coat, an' like a beefsteak wid-out gravy, dry to de very heart. Dars de Dandy, he's de sheepnose,—a long stem an' de rest peelen. Dars

de Farmer, he's de cart-house apple,—a leetle rough on de peelen, but juicy wid feelen. De Fashionable gent am a French pippen, an' de fashionable young lady am de Bell-flower; an' when two sich apples am joined togedder, dey become a pear (pair). De Pollytician am a speckled apple,—a little foul sometimes at de core. De young Misses am de "maiden's blushes." De Widder, she am a *pine-apple*,—pine-en an' sprouten in de dark leaves to blossom once more. De good Wife, she am de balsam-apple ob human life; de Husband am de king-apple; the Chil'en am de golden sweets; an' de Babies in de cradle am apple blossoms. De Old Folks on de back seat am de *dried apples*; de Young Men in their teens am de greenin's,—but fit for nothin' till they come to maturity. De man widout any har am de *Baldwin*; de Tippler am de winesap; an de Dude, he am de *quince*; this originally was an apple, but got so far from de species, dat nobody would ever know it. De Old Maid am de seek-no-further,—waiten' for somebody to bite it. De Modder-in-law (*bitterly*), she am de CRAB APPLE,—a fruit never known in de apple-orchard ob Paradise, an' only fit for Sourland; put her in de cider press ob human affection, an' she'll come out forty-'leventh proof vinegar, strong enough to sour all human creation.

Lastly, and to conclude, bredderen and sisteren, let it be our great aim, howsomever we may differ in our various apple species, to strive to go in to de great cider press ob human trial widout a speck in de core or de peelen.

THE CREEDS OF THE BELLS

How sweet the chime of the Sabbath bells!
Each one its creed in music tells,
In tones that float upon the air,
As soft as song, as pure as prayer;
And I will put in simple rhyme

The language of the golden chime;
My happy heart with rapture swells
Responsive to the bells, sweet bells.

"Ye purifying waters swell!"
In mellow tones rang out a bell;
"Though faith alone in Christ can save,
Man must be plunged beneath the wave,
To show the world unfaltering faith
In what the Sacred Scriptures saith:
O swell! ye rising waters, swell!"
Pealed out the clear-toned Baptist bell.

"Oh, heed the ancient landmarks well!"
In solemn tones exclaimed a bell;
"No progress made by mortal man
Can change the just eternal plan:
With God there can be nothing new;
Ignore the false, embrace the true,
While all is well! is well! is well!"
Pealed out the good old Dutch church bell.

"In deeds of love excel! excel!"
Chimed out from ivied towers, a bell;
"This is the church not built on sands,
Emblem of one not built with hands;
Its forms and sacred rites revere,
Come worship here! come worship here!
In rituals and faith excel!"
Chimed out the Episcopalian bell.

"Not faith alone, but works as well,
Must test the soul!" said a soft bell;
"Come here and cast aside your load,
And work your way along the road,
With faith in God and faith in man,
And hope in Christ, where hope began.
Do well! do well! do well! do well!"
Rang out the Unitarian bell.

"To all, the truth we tell! we tell!"
Shouted in ecstasies a bell;
"Come, all ye weary wanderers, see!
Our Lord has made salvation free!
Repent, believe, have faith, and then
Be saved, and praise the Lord, Amen!
Salvation's free, we tell! we tell!"
Shouted the Methodist bell.

"Farewell! farewell! base world, farewell!"
In touching tones exclaimed a bell;
"Life is a boon, to mortals given,
To fit the soul for bliss in heaven;
Do not invoke the avenging rod,
Come here and learn the way to God;
Say to the world, farewell! farewell!"
Pealed forth the Presbyterian bell.

"In after life there is no hell!"
In raptures rang a cheerful bell;
"Look up to heaven this holy day,
Where angels wait to lead the way;
There are no fires, no fiends to blight
The future life; be just and right.
No hell! no hell! no hell! no hell!"
Rang out the Universalist bell.

"The Pilgrim Fathers heeded well
My cheerful voice," pealed forth a bell;
"No fetters here to clog the soul;
No arbitrary creeds control
The free heart and progressive mind,
That leave the dusty past behind.
Speed well, speed well, speed well, speed well!"
Pealed out the Independent bell.

"No pope, no pope, to doom to hell!"
The Protestant rang out a bell;
"Great Luther left his fiery zeal,

Within the hearts that truly feel
That loyalty to God will be
The fealty that makes men free.
No images where incense fell!"
Rang out old Martin Luther's bell.

Neatly attired, in manner plain,
Behold a pilgrim—no spot, no stain—
Slowly, with soft and measured tread,
In Quaker garb—no white—no red.
To passing friend—I hear him say—
"Here worship thou—this is the way—
No churchly form—it is not well,
No bell, no bell, no bell, no bell."

GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

THE MINISTER'S GRIEVANCES

"BRETHREN," said the aged minister, as he stood up before the church meeting on New Year's Eve, "I am afraid we will have to part. I have labored among you now for fifteen years, and I feel that that is almost enough, under the peculiar circumstances in which I am placed. Not that I am exactly dissatisfied; but a clergyman who has been preaching to sinners for fifteen years for five hundred dollars a year, naturally feels that he is not doing a great work when Deacon Jones, acting as an officer of the church, pays his last quarter's salary in a promissory note at six months, and then, acting as an individual, offers to discount it for him at ten per cent. if he will take it part out in clover seed and pumpkins.

"I feel somehow as if it would take about eighty-four years of severe preaching to prepare the deacon for existence in a felicitous hereafter. Let me say, also, that while I am deeply grateful to the congregation for the donation party they gave me on Christmas, I have

calculated that it would be far more profitable for me to shut my house and take to the woods than endure another one. I will not refer to the impulsive generosity which persuaded Sister Potter to come with a present of eight clothes pins; I will not insinuate anything against Brother Ferguson, who brought with him a quarter of a peck of dried apples of the crop of 1872; I shall not allude to the benevolence of Sister Tynhirst, who came with a pen-wiper and a tin horse for the baby; I shall refrain from commenting upon the impression made by Brother Hill, who brought four phosphorescent mackerel, possibly with an idea that they might be useful in dissipating the gloom in my cellar. I omit reference to Deacon Jones' present of an elbow of stove-pipe and a bundle of toothpicks, and I admit that when Sister Peabody brought me sweetened sausage-meat, and salted and peppered mince-meat for pies, she did right in not forcing her own family to suffer from her mistake in mixing the material. But I do think I may fairly remark respecting the case of Sister Walsingham, that after careful thought I am unable to perceive how she considered that a present of a box of hair-pins to my wife justified her in consuming half a pumpkin pie, six buttered muffins, two platefuls of oysters, and a large variety of miscellaneous food, previous to jamming herself full of preserves, and proceeding to the parlor to join in singing "There is rest for the weary!" Such a destruction of the necessities of life doubtless contributes admirably to the stimulation of commerce, but it is far too large a commercial operation to rest solely upon the basis of a ten-cent box of hair-pins.

"As for matters in the church, I do not care to discuss them at length. I might say much about the manner in which the congregation were asked to contribute clothing to our mission in Senegambia; we received nothing but four neck-ties and a brass breast-pin, excepting a second-hand carriage-whip that Deacon Jones gave us. I might allude to the frivolous manner

in which Brother Atkinson, our tenor, converses with Sister Priestly, our soprano, during my sermons, and last Sunday kissed her when he thought I was not looking; I might allude to the absent-mindedness which has permitted Brother Brown twice lately to put half a dollar on the collection-plate and take off two quarters and a ten-cent piece in change; and I might dwell upon the circumstance that while Brother Toombs, the undertaker, sings 'I would not live alway' with professional enthusiasm that is pardonable, I do not see why he should throw such unction into the hymn 'I am unworthy though I give my all,' when he is in arrears for two years' pew-rent, and is always busy examining the carpet-pattern when the plate goes round. I also—"

But here Brother Toombs turned off the gas suddenly, and the meeting adjourned full of indignation at the good pastor. His resignation was accepted unanimously.

THE VOLUNTEER ORGANIST

THE gret big church wuz crowded full uv broadcloth
an' of silk,
An' satins rich as cream thet grows on our ol' brindle's
milk;
Shined boots, biled shirts, stiff dickeys, an' stove-pipe
hats were there,
An' dudes 'ith trouserloons so tight they couldn't kneel
down in prayer.

The elder in his poolpit high, said, as he slowly riz:
"Our organist is kep' to hum, laid up 'ith roomatiz,
An' as we hev no substitoot, as brother Moore ain't
here,
Will some 'un in the congregation be so kind 's to
volunteer?"

An' then a red-nosed, blear-eyed tramp, of low-toned,
rowdy style,
Give an interductory hiccup, an' then swaggered up
the aisle.
Then thro' that holy atmosphere there crep' a sense er
sin,
An' thro' thet air of sanctity the odor uv ol' gin.

Then Deacon Purington he yelled, his teeth all set on
edge:
"This man perfaness the house er God! W'y, this is
sacrilege!"
The tramp didn' hear a word he said, but slouched 'ith
stumblin' feet,
An' stalked an' swaggered up the steps, an' gained the
organ seat.

He then went pawin' thro' the keys, an' soon there rose
a strain
Thet seemed to jest bulge out the heart, an' 'lectrify
the brain;
An' then he slapped down on the thing 'ith hands an'
head an' knees,
He slam-dashed his hull body down kerflop upon the
keys.

The organ roared, the music flood went sweepin' high
an' dry,
It swelled into the rafters, an' bulged out into the sky;
The ol' church shook and staggered, an' seemed to reel
an' sway,
An' the elder shouted "Glory!" an' I yelled out
"Hooray!"

An' then he tried a tender strain that melted in our
ears,
Thet brought up blessed memories and drenched 'em
down 'ith tears;

An' we dreamed uv ol' time kitchens, 'ith Tabby on the
mat,
Uv' home an' luv an' baby days, an' mother, an' all
that!

An' then he struck a streak uv hope—a song from souls
forgiven—
Thet burst from prison bars uv sin, an' stormed the
gates uv heaven;
The morning stars together sung—no soul wuz left
alone—
We felt the universe wuz safe, an' God was on His
throne!

An' then a wail of deep despair an' darkness come
again,
An' long, black crepe hung on the doors uv all the
homes uv men;
No luv, no light, no joy, no hope, no songs of glad de-
light,
An' then—the tramp, he swaggered down an' reeled
out into the night!

But we knew he'd tol' his story, tho' he never spoke a
word,
An' it was the saddest story thet our ears had ever
heard;
He hed tol' his own life history, an' no eye was dry
thet day,
W'en the elder rose an' simply said: "My brethren,
let us pray."

SAM WALTER FOSS.

AT THE STAGE-DOOR

THE curtain had fallen, the lights were dim,
The rain came down with a steady pour;
A white-haired man, with a kindly face,
Peered through the panes of the old stage-door.

"I'm getting too old to be drenched like that,"
He muttered, and, turning, met face to face
The woman, whose genius, an hour before,
Like a mighty power had filled the place.

"Yes, much too old," with a smile, she said,
And she laid her hand on his silver hair;
"You shall ride with me to your home to-night,
For that is my carriage standing there."
The old door-tender stood, doffing his hat
And holding the door, but she would not stir,
Though he said it was not for the "likes of him
To ride in a kerridge with such as her."

"Come, put out your lights," she said to him,
"I've something important I wish to say,
And I can't stand here in the draught, you know,
I can tell you much better while on the way."
So into the carriage the old man crept,
Thanking her gratefully o'er and o'er,
Till she bade him listen while she would tell
A story concerning that old stage-door.

"It was raining in torrents ten years ago
This very night, and a friendless child
Stood shivering there by that old stage-door,
Dreading her walk, in a night so wild.
She was only one of the 'extra' girls,
But you gave her a nickel to take the car,
And said 'Heaven bless ye, my little one,
Ye can pay me back if ye ever star.'

"So you cast your bread on the waters then,
And I pay you back as my heart demands,
And we're even now—no, not quite," she said,
As she emptied her purse in his trembling hands.
"And, if ever you're needy and want a friend,
You know where to come, for your little mite
Put hope in my heart and made me strive
To gain the success you have seen to-night."

Then the carriage stopped at the old man's door,
And the gas-light shone on him standing there;
And he stepped to the curb as she rolled away,
While his thin lips murmured a fervent prayer.
He looked at the silver and bills and gold,
And he said: "She gives all this to me?
My bread has come back a thousand-fold,
God bless her! God bless all such as she."

JAMES CLARENCE HARVEY.

THERE'LL BE ROOM IN HEAVEN

SHE was a little old woman, very plainly dressed in black bombazine that had seen much careful wear; her bonnet was very old-fashioned, and people stared at her tottering up the aisle of the church, evidently bent on securing one of the best seats, for a great man preached that day. The house was filled with splendidly dressed people who had heard of the fame of the preacher, of his learning, his intellect and goodness, and they wondered at the presumption of the poor old woman. She must have been in her dotage, for she picked out the pew of the richest and proudest member of the church and took a seat. The three ladies who were seated there beckoned to the sexton, who bent over the intruder and whispered something, but she was hard of hearing, and smiled a little withered smile, as she said, gently: "Oh, I'm quite comfortable here, quite comfortable."

"But you are not wanted here," said the sexton, pompously; "there is not room. Come with me, my good woman; I will see that you have a seat."

"Not room," said the old woman, looking at her shrunken proportions, and then at the fine ladies. "Why, I'm not crowded a bit. I rode ten miles to hear the sermon to-day because—"

But here the sexton took her by the arm, shook her

roughly in a polite underhand way, and then she took the hint. Her faded old eyes filled with tears, her chin quivered; but she rose meekly and left the pew. Turning quietly to the ladies, who were spreading their rich dresses over the space she left vacant, she said gently: "I hope, my dears, there'll be room in heaven for us all." Then she followed the pompous sexton to the rear of the church where, in the last pew, she was seated between a threadbare girl and a shabby old man.

"She must be crazy," said one of the ladies in the pew which she had first occupied. "What can an ignorant old woman like her want to hear Dr. — preach for? She would not be able to understand a word he said."

"Those people are so persistent! The idea of her forcing herself into our pew. Isn't that voluntary lovely! There's Dr. — coming out of the vestry. Is he not grand?"

"Splendid! What a stately man! You know he has promised to dine with us while he is here."

He was a commanding looking man, and as the organ voluntary stopped, and he looked over the great crowd of worshipers gathered in the vast church, he seemed to scan every face. His hand was on the Bible when suddenly he leaned over the reading desk and beckoned to the sexton, who obsequiously mounted the steps to receive a mysterious message. And then the three ladies in the grand pew were electrified to see him take his way the whole length of the church to return with the old woman, when he placed her in the front pew of all, its other occupants making willing room for her. The great preacher looked at her with a smile of recognition, and then the services proceeded, and he preached a sermon that struck fire from every heart.

"Who was she?" asked the ladies who could not make room for her, as they passed the sexton at the door.

"The preacher's mother," was the reply.

NO SECT IN HEAVEN

TALKING of sects till late one eve,
Of the various doctrines the saints believe,
That night I stood in a troubled dream,
By the side of a darkly-flowing stream,

And a "Churchman" down to the river came;
When I heard a strange voice call his name:
"Good father, stop; when you cross this tide,
You must leave your robe on the other side."

But the aged father did not mind,
And his long gown floated out behind,
As down the stream his way he took,
His pale hands clasping a gilt-edged book.

I saw him again on the other side,
But his silk gown floated on the tide;
And no one asked in that blissful spot,
Whether he belonged to "*the Church*" or not.

Then down to the river a Quaker strayed,
His dress of somber hue was made;
"My coat and hat must be all of gray,
I cannot go any other way."

As he entered heaven, his suit of gray
Went quietly sailing—away—away.
And none of the angels questioned him,
About the width of his beaver's brim.

Next came Dr. Watts with a bundle of Psalms
Piled nicely up in his aged arms,
And hymns as many, a very wise thing,
That the people in heaven "all round" might sing.

And after him, with his MSS.,
Came Wesley, the pattern of godliness,

But he cried, "Dear me, what shall I do?
The water has soaked them through and through."

And there on the river, far and wide,
Away they went down the swollen tide,
And the saint, astonished, passed through alone,
Without his manuscripts, up to the throne.

Then gravely walking, two saints by name,
Down to the stream together came,
But as they stopped at the river's brink,
I saw one saint from the other shrink.

"Sprinkled or plunged, may I ask you, friend,
How you attained to life's great end?"
"Thus, with a few drops on my brow,"
"But I have been dipped, as you may see now.

And I really think it will hardly do,
As I'm 'close communion,' to cross with you;
You're bound, I know, to the realms of bliss,
But you must go that way, and I'll go this."

And now when the river was rolling on,
A Presbyterian church went down
Of women there seemed an innumerable throng,
But the men I could count as they passed along.

And concerning the road, they could never agree,
The *old* and the *new* way, which should it be,
Nor even a moment paused to think
That both would lead to the river's brink.

And a sound of murmuring long and loud
Came ever up from the moving crowd:
"You're in the old way, and I'm in the new,
That is the false, and this is the true,"—
Or, "I'm in the old way, you're in the new,
That is the false, and *this* is the true."

I watched them long in my curious dream,
Till they stood by the border of the stream,
And all who in Christ the Saviour died
Came out alike on the other side.

IN CHURCH—DURING THE LITANY

"I'm glad we got here early, Nell;
We're not obliged to sit to-day
Behind those horrid Smith girls—well,
I'm glad they go so soon away.
How does this cushion match my dress?
I think it looks quite charmingly."
Bowed sweetly to the Smith's, "Oh! yes—"
RESPONDS.—Pride, vanity, hypocrisy.
Good Lord, deliver us.

"I hate those haughty Courtenays!
I'm sure they needn't feel so fine
Above us all, for mamma says
Their dresses aren't as nice as mine.
And one's engaged; so, just for fun,
To make her jealous—try to win
Her lover—show her how 'tis done."
RESPONDS.—From hatred, envy, mischief, sin,
Good Lord, deliver us.

"To-day the rector is to preach
In aid of missionary work;
He'll say he hopes and trusts that each
Will nobly give, nor duty shirk.
I hate to give, but then one must,
You know we have a forward seat.
People can see—they will, I trust."
RESPONDS.—From want of charity, deceit,
Good Lord, deliver us.

"Did you know Mr. Gray had gone?
That handsome Mr. Rogers, too?"

Dear me! we shall be quite forlorn
If all the men leave—and so few!
I trust that we with Cupid's darts
May capture some—let them beware."

RESPONDS.—Behold the sorrow of our hearts,
And, Lord, with mercy,
Hear our prayers!

THE SPELLING CLASS

INSCRIBED TO ALL MODEL SPELLERS

STAND up, ye spellers now and spell—
Since spelling matches are the rage,
Spell Phenakistoscope and Knell,
Diphtheria, Syzygy, and Gauge.
Or take some simple word as Chilly,
Or Willie or the garden Lily.
To spell such words as Syllogism,
And Lachrymose and Synchronism,
And Pentateuch and Saccharine,
Apocrypha and Celendine,
Lactiferous and Cecity,
Jejune and Homœopathy,
Paralysis and Chloroform,
Rhinoceros and Pachyderm,
Metempsychosis, Gherkins, Basque,
It is certainly no easy task.
Kaleidoscope and Tennessee,
Kamchatka and Dispensary,
Would make some spellers colicky.
Diphthong and Erysipelas,
And Etiquette and Sassafras,
Infallible and Ptyalism,
Allopathy and Rheumatism,
And Cataclysm and Beleaguer,
Twelfth, Eighteenth, Rendezvous, Intriguer,
And hosts of other words are found

On English and on Classic ground.
 Thus Behring Straits and Michaelmas,
 Thermopylæ, Cordilleras,
 Suite, Jalap, Hemorrhage, and Havana,
 Cinquefoil and Ipecacuanha,
 And Rappahannock, Shenandoah,
 And Schuylkill and a thousand more
 Are words some prime good spellers miss,
 In Dictionary lands like this.
 Nor need one think himself a Scroyle,
 If some of these his efforts foil,
 Nor deem himself undone forever
 To miss the name of either river;
 The Dnieper, Seine or Guadalquiver.

E. P. DYER.

WHEN GREEK MET GREEK

STRANGER *here?* Yes, come from Varmount,
 Rutland county. You've hern tell
 Mebbe of the town of Granville?
You born there? No! sho! Well, well!
 You was born at Granville, was you?
 Then you know Elisha Brown,
 Him as runs the old meat market
 At the lower end of town!
 Well! well! well! Born down in Granville!
 And out here, so far away!
 Stranger, I'm homesick already,
 Though it's but a week to-day
 Since I left my good wife standin'
 Out there at the kitchen door,
 Sayin' she'd ask God to keep me;
 And her eyes were runnin' o'er!
 You must know ole Albert Withers,
 Henry Bell and Ambrose Cole?
Know them all? And born in Granville!
 Well! well! well! Why, bless my soul!

Sho! You're not old Isaac's nephew?

Isaac Green, down on the flat!

Isaac's oldest nephew,—Henry?

Well, I'd never thought of that!

Have I got a hundred dollars

I could loan you for a minute,

Till you buy a horse at Marcy's?

There's my wallet! Just that in it!

Hold on though! You have ten, mebbe,

You could let me keep; you see

I might chance to need a little

Betwixt now and half past three!

Ten. That's it; you'll owe me ninety;

Bring it round to the hotel.

So you're old friend Isaac's nephew?

Born in Granville! Sho! Well, well!

Whæt! policeman, did you call me?

That a rascal going there?

Well, sir; do you know I thought so,

And I played him pretty fair;

Hundred-dollar bill I gave him—

Counterfeit—and got this ten!

Ten ahead. No! you don't tell me!

This bad, too? Sho! Sold again!

SAM'S LETTER

I WONDER who w-wote me this letter. I thuppose the b-best way to f-find out ith to open it and thee. (*Opens letter.*) Thome lun-lunatic hath w-witten me this letter. He hath w-witten it upthide down. I wonder if he th-thought I wath going to w-wead it thanding on my head. Oh, yeth, I thee; I had it t-t-turned upthide down. "Amewica." Who do I know in Amewica? I am glad he hath g-given me hith addwess anyhow. Oh, yeth, I thee, it ith from Tham. I alwaths know Tham's handwiting when I

thee hith name at the b-bottom of it. "My dear bwother—" Tham alwayths called me bwother. I-I thuppose iths because hith m-mother and my mother wath the thame woman, and we never had any thisters. When we were boyths we were ladths together. They used to ge-get off a pwoverb when they thaw uth com-coming down the stweet. It ith vewy good, if I could only think of it. I can never wecollect anything that I can't we-wemember. Iths—it iths the early bir-bird—iths the early bir-bird that knowths iths own father. What non-nonthense that iths! How co-could a bir-bird know iths own father? Iths a withe—iths a withe child—iths a withe child that geths the wom. T-that's not wite. What non-nonthense that iths! No pa-pawent would allow hiths child to ga-gather woms. Iths a wyme. Iths fish of-of a feather. Fish of a fea— What non-nonthense! for fish don't have feathers. Iths a bir-bird—iths b-birds of a feather—b-birds of a feather flock together. B-birds of a feather! Just as if a who-who-whole flock of b-birds had only one f-feather. They'd all catch cold, and only one b-bird c-could have that f-feather, and he'd fly sidewithse. What con-confounded nonthense that iths! Flock to-together! Of courthse th-they'd flock together. Who ever her-heard of a bird being such a f-fool as to g-go into a c-corner and flo-flock by him-self? "I wo-wote you a letter thome time ago—" Thath's a lie; he d-didn't wi-wite me a letter. If he had witten me a letter he would have posted it, and I would have g-got it; so, of courthse, he didn't post it, and then he didn't wite it. Thath's easy. Oh, yeths, I thee: "but I dwopped it into the potht-potht-office forgetting to diwect it." I wonder who the d-dic-dickens got that letter. I wonder if the poth-pothman iths gwain' awound inquiring for a f-fellow without a name. I wonder if there iths any fel-fellow without any name. If there iths any fel-fellow without any name, how doeths he know who he iths himthelf? I-I wonder if thuch a fellow could get mawaid. How

could he ask hiths wife to take hiths name if he h-had no name? Thath's one of thothse things no fellow can f-find out. "I have just made a startling dithcovery." Tham's alwayths d-doing thomthing. "I have dithcovered that my mother iths—that m-my mother iths not my m-mother; that a—the old nurse iths my m-mother, and that you are not my b-bwother, and a—tha—that I was changed at my birth." How c-can a fellow be changed at hith b-birth? If he iths not himthelf, who iths he? If Tham's m-mother iths not hith m-mother, and the nurthse iths hith mother, and Tham ithn't my bwother, who am I? That's one of thothse things that no fel-fellow can find out. "I have p-purchased an ethstate som-somewhere—" Dothn't the id-idiot know wh-where h-he has bought it? Oh, yeths: "on the bankths of the M-M-Mithithippi." Wh-who iths M-Mithithippi? I g-gueth ith's Tham's m-mother-in-l-law. Tham's got mawaid. He th-thayths he felt v-vewy ner-nervous. He alwayths waths a lucky fellow getting th-things he didn't want, and hadn't any use for. Thpeaking of mother-in-lawths, I had a fwiend who had a mother-in-law, and he didn't like her pwetty well; and she f-felt the thame way towards him; and they went away on a st-steamer acwoths the ocean, and they got wecked, catht away on a waft, and they floated awound with their feet in the water and other amuthements, living on thuch things ath they could pick up—thardinths, itheweam, owanges, and other c-canned goodths that were floating awound. When that waths all gone, everybody ate everybody else. F-finally only himthelf and hiths m-mother-in-law waths left, and they pl-played a game of c-cards to thee who thould be eaten up—himthelf or hith mother-in-law. A-a—the mother-in-law loht. H-he treated her handthomely, only he strapped h-her flat on her back, and c-carved her gently. H-h-he thays that waths the f-first time that he ever weally enjoyed a m-mother-in-law.

YARN OF THE "NANCY BELL"

'Twas on the shores that round the coast
From Deal to Ramsgate span,
That I found alone, on a piece of stone,
An elderly naval man.

His hair was weedy, his beard was long,
And weedy and long was he,
And I heard this wight on the shore recite
In a singular minor key:

"Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
And a mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

And he shook his fists and he tore his hair,
Till I really felt afraid,
For I couldn't help thinking the man had been drink-
ing,
And so I simply said:

"Oh, elderly man, it's little I know
Of the duties of men of the sea,
And I'll eat my hand if I understand
How you can possibly be

"At once a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

Then he gave a hitch to his trowsers, which
Is a trick all seamen larn,
And having got rid of a thumping quid,
He spun this painful yarn:

"'Twas on the good ship *Nancy Bell*,
That we sailed to the Indian sea,
And there on a reef we came to grief,
Which has often occurred to me.

"And pretty nigh all of the crew was drowned,
(There was seventy-seven o' soul,)
And only ten of the *Nancy's* men
Said 'Here!' to the muster roll.

"There was me and the cook and the captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And the bo'sun tight and the midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig.

"For a month we'd neither wittles nor drink,
Till a hungry we did feel,
So we drewed a lot, and accordin' shot
The captain for our meal.

"The next lot fell to the *Nancy's* mate,
And a delicate dish he made;
Then our appetite with the midshipmite
We seven survivors stayed.

"And then we murdered the bo'sun tight,
And he much resembled pig;
Then we wittled free, did the cook and me
On the crew of the captain's gig.

"Then only the cook and me was left,
And the delicate question, 'Which
Of us two goes to the kettle?' arose,
And we argued it out as sich.

"For I loved that cook as a brother, I did,
And the cook he worshiped me;
And we'd both be blowed if we'd either be stowed
In the other chap's hold, you see.

" 'I'll be eat if he dines off me,' says Tom;
 'Yes, that,' says I, 'you'll be.'
'I'm boiled if I die, my friend,' quoth I,
 And 'Exactly so,' quoth he.

"Says he, 'Dear James, to murder me
 Were a foolish thing to do,
For don't you see that you can't cook *me*,
 While I can—and will—cook *you*!' "

"So he boils the water, and takes the salt
 And the pepper in portions true,
(Which he ne'er forgot,) and some chopped shalot,
 And some sage and parsley too.

" 'Come here,' says he, with a proper pride,
 Which his smiling features tell,
'Twill soothing be if I let you see
 How extremely nice you'll smell.' "

"And he stirred it round and round and round,
 And he sniffed at the foaming froth;
When I ups with his heels, and smothers his squeals
 In the scum of the boiling broth.

"And I eat that cook in a week or less,
 And—as I eating be
The last of his chops, why I almost drops,
 For a vessel in sight I see.

* * * * *

"And I never larf, and I never smile,
 And I never lark nor play;
But I sit and croak, and a single joke
 I have, which is to say:

" 'Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
 And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight and a midshipmite,
 And the crew of the captain's gig! ' "

W. S. GILBERT.

ASLEEP AT THE SWITCH

THE first thing that I remember was Carlo tugging
away

With the sleeve of my coat fast in his teeth, pulling as
much as to say:

"Come, master, awake, attend to the switch, lives now
depend upon you,

Think of the souls in the coming train, and the graves
you are sending them to.

Think of the mother and the babe at her breast, think
of the father and son,

Think of the lover and loved one too, think of them
doomed every one

To fall (as it were by your very hand) into yon
fathomless ditch,

Murdered by one who should guard them from harm,
who now lies asleep at the switch."

I sprang up amazed—scarce knew where I stood, sleep
had o'er-mastered me so;

I could hear the wind hollowly howling, and the deep
river dashing below,

I could hear the forest leaves rustling, as the trees by
the tempest were fanned,

But what was that noise in the distance? That I could
not understand.

I heard it at first indistinctly, like the rolling of some
muffled drum,

Then nearer and nearer it came to me, till it made my
very ears hum;

What is this light that surrounds me and seems to set
fire to my brain?

What whistle's that, yelling so shrill? Ah! I know
now; it's the train.

We often stand facing some danger, and seem to take
root to the place;

So I stood—with this demon before me, its heated
breath scorching my face;
Its headlight made day of the darkness, and glared
like the eyes of some witch—
The train was almost upon me before I remembered
the switch.
I sprang to it, seizing it wildly, the train dashing fast
down the track;
The switch resisted my efforts, some devil seemed hold-
ing it back;
On, on came the fiery-eyed monster, and shot by my
face like a flash;
I swooned to the earth the next moment, and knew
nothing after the crash.

How long I lay there unconscious 'twas impossible for
me to tell;
My stupor was almost a heaven, my waking almost a
hell—
For I then heard the piteous moaning and shrieking of
husbands and wives,
And I thought of the day we all shrink from, when I
must account for their lives;
Mothers rushed by me like maniacs, their eyes glaring
madly and wild.
Fathers, losing their courage, gave way to their grief
like a child;
Children searching for parents, I noticed, as by me
they sped,
And lips that could form naught but "Mamma" were
calling for one perhaps dead.

My mind was made up in a moment, the river should
hide me away,
When, under the still burning rafters I suddenly no-
ticed there lay
A little white hand; she who owned it was doubtless an
object of love

To one whom her loss would drive frantic, tho' she
 guarded him now from above;
I tenderly lifted the rafters and quietly laid them one
 side;
How little she thought of her journey when she left
 for this dark fatal ride!
I lifted the last log from off her, and while searching
 for some spark of life,
Turned her little face up in the starlight, and recog-
 nized—Maggie, my wife!

O Lord! thy scourge is a hard one, at a blow thou hast
 shattered my pride;
My life will be one endless nightmare, with Maggie
 away from my side.
How often I'd sat down and pictured the scenes in
 our long, happy life;
How I'd strive through all my life-time to build up a
 home for my wife;
How people would envy us always in our cozy and
 neat little nest;
How I should do all of the labor, and Maggie should
 all the day rest;
How one of God's blessings might cheer us, how some
 day I p'raps should be rich—
But all of my dreams have been shattered, while I laid
 there asleep at the switch!

I fancied I stood on my trial, the jury and judge I
 could see,
And every eye in the court-room was steadily fixed
 upon me;
And fingers were pointed in scorn, till I felt my face
 blushing blood-red,
And the next thing I heard were the words, "Hanged
 by the neck until dead."
Then I felt myself pulled once again, and my hand
 caught tight hold of a dress,

And I heard, "What's the matter, dear Jim? You've
had a bad nightmare, I guess!"
And there stood Maggie, my wife, with never a scar
from the ditch.
I'd been taking a nap in my bed and had not been
"asleep at the switch."

GEORGE HOEY.

A QUESTION

As Annie was carrying the baby one day,
Tossing aloft the lump of inanity,—
Dear to its father and mother no doubt,
To the rest of the world a mere lump of humanity,—
Sam came along, and was thinking then, maybe,
Full as much of Annie as she of the baby.

"Just look at the baby!" cried Ann, in a flutter,
Giving its locks round her fingers a twirl:
"If I was a man I know that I couldn't
Be keeping my hands off a dear little girl."
And Sam gave a wink, as if to say "Maybe,
Of the girls, I'd rather hug you than the baby!"

"Now kiss it!" she cried, still hugging it closer,
"Its mouth's like the roses the honey-bee sips!"
Sam stooped to obey; and, as heads came together,
There chanced to arise a confusion of lips!
And, as it occurred, it might have been, maybe,
That each got a kiss,—Sam, Ann, and the baby!

It's hard to tell what just then was the matter,
For the baby was the only one innocent there:
And Annie flushed up like a full-blown peony,
And Samuel turned red to the roots of his hair.
So the question is this,—you can answer it, maybe,—
Did Annie kiss Sam, or did *both* kiss the baby?

PAT'S MISTAKE

WITH an aching tooth, one morning bright,
Pat Donnegan left his home;
The "murtherin' blackguard," all the night,
Had made poor Donnegan moan.

With sorrowful phiz and watery eye,
Pat tracked along in the rain,
When these words his optics chanced to spy,
"Teeth pulled without any pain."

Down went his shovel, and in went Pat,
Like a "broth of a bye" as he was,
And down in the dentist's chair he sat,
With wide distended jaws.

In went the nippers and out came the tooth—
"Ye miserable snag," said Pat,
"You'll trouble me now no more, forsooth,"
And he made for his old white hat.

"My pay, if you please," said the dentist man.
"Och, murther! what's that yer sayin'?"
Ye wretched old pirate, don't it say on yer sign,
"Teeth pulled widout any pa'in?"

THE PARSON'S SOCIABLE

THEY carried the pie to the parson's house
And scattered the floor with crumbs,
And marked the leaves of his choicest books
With the prints of their greasy thumbs.

They piled his dishes high and thick
With a lot of unhealthful cake,
While they gobbled the buttered toast and rolls
Which the parson's wife did make.

They hung around Clytie's classic neck
Their apple-parings, for sport,
And every one laughed when a clumsy lout
Spilt his tea in the piano-forte.

Next day the parson went down on his knees
With his wife—but not to pray:
Oh no; 'twas to scrape the grease and dirt
From the carpet and stairs away!

THE VILLAGE GOSSIP.

WELL, neighbor Smith, how do you do?
And how are you, Mis' Strong?
Won't I come in? Well, I don't know—
I can't stop very long.
But I declare! the news I've heard
'Most takes my breath away!
To think—you don't know what I mean?
You hain't heard? You don't say!

Perhaps I hadn't ought to tell,
But, seein' that it's you,
I guess it won't do any harm,
And then, it's really true.
Well, now, you musn't ever tell
You heard the news from me,
But Deacon Jones's oldest boy
Has run away to sea.

They say that he and Maggie Lee
Had had a dreadful fuss,
But sakes alive! Them two young folks
Was always in a muss!
And I must say the way she'd flirt
Was a redic'lous shame!
The deacon's folks will think, of course,
That Maggie's most to blame.

I guess, though, if the truth were told,
Tom Jones ain't quite a saint;
But if he has talked hard to me,
I sha'n't make no complaint.
He gets his temper from his pa,
Who once got mad, they say,
And almost killed his brother Jim,
When they were boys at play.

I s'pose Dick Brown is awful glad
That Tom has gone away;
But he won't marry Maggie Lee
It's pretty safe to say.
For all she holds her head so high,
Mis' Brown (so I've been told)
Came from a poor, low family,
And married Brown for gold.

That makes me think of what I heard
About old Peter Small!
They say he's married Widder Green,
Whose husband died last fall.
I guess she'll make his money fly,
I hope she will, I'm sure;
His first wife always scrimped and saved
As if that he was poor!

Them White girls have come home at last;
They've been away to school
For 'most two years. I do declare!
I think Mis' White's a fool!
She'd better kept 'em both at home,
A-learnin' how to cook,
Instead of wastin' all their time
On some outlandish book!

That Nettie Gay was ridin' out
With Frank Hall yesterday:
If John knew how she carried on,
I wonder what he'd say.

She says that they are only friends;
 (As if I couldn't see!)
She may make other folks think so;
 I'm sure she can't make me.

Good land! if there ain't Susan Gray
 A-comin' up the walk!
Of all the folks I ever saw
 She is the worst to talk!
She can't let other folks alone—
 With her it's "talk or die."
No, I can't stay to tea, Mis' Smith—
 I must go now. Good-by.

DA STRIT PIANNA.

It dis-a-way in dis-a worl', w'ere everyat'ing don'
 fit,
Some fellas mak-a da music, an' da oders pay for it,
An' da's-a w'y me an' Bianca, evera place we go,
We play-a tunes da pipples lak, from Harlem to Park
 Row;
An' if our music somatime sad, an' somatime it gay—
Well, da's de kin' o' music w'at da strit pianna play!

Ting-a-ting, ting! Hear 'ow it sing—
 Come, drop-a some money in!
All-a right, Bianc', I turn-a da crank,
 You shak-a da tambourin'!

You t'ink because da strit pianna work by crank an'
 wheel
It has-a not da 'eart an' soul, it don' know 'ow to
 feel?
Den tell-a me w'y, w'en winter come, an' snow is in
 da sky
It play-a "Good Ol' Summa Time" an' mak' you
 want to cry?

An' w'en da spring-a-time 'as come an' everat'ing ees
gay,
You laugh-a ha-ha!—so 'appy—w'en da strit pianna
play?

Bang-a-bang, bing! Mos' anyt'ing—
Drop-a yo' neekel in!
All-a right, Bianc', I turn-a da crank,
You whack-a da tambourin'.

Las' weenter w'en da win' ees col' an' snow all over
lie
Our li'l' gal Maria she ees sick an' al-a-mos' die;
Den poor Bianca stay at 'ome an' I go out alone,
An' in-a evera tune I grind I 'ear my baby moan,
Till "Fare-a-well, My Violet" grow loud an' float
away—
Virgin of Sorrow, You know w'at dat strit pianna
play!

Tum-a-tum, tum! de trouble he come,
De sorrow he enter in—
All-a right, Bianc', I turn-a da crank
An' shak-a da tambourin'.

But w'en da day ees nice-a warm, jus' lak-a da Italee
An' chil'ren play-a 'roun' da Square, as 'appy as can
be,
Me an' Bianc' we work-a so 'ard to mak' dat strit
pianna
Play "I-a Got One Feel for You" and maybe "Rus-
ticana"
Da chil'ren dance, we mak-a da mon an' everat'ing
ees gay;
Da's w'en I vera glad to 'ear da strit pianna play!

Tum-a-to, to! bulla for you!
Mak-a da plenty tin—
All-a right, Bianc', I turn-a da crank,
You shak-a da tambourin'.

By gran' 'otel, by cheap-a saloon, all same, we do
our part,
An' w'en we do not mak-a da mon we live jus' for
our Art;
But w'en we catch-a plenty coin we verra glad, for
we
T'ink o' dat vineyard w'at we buy in sunny Lom-
bardee,
An' 'ow Bianc' and li'l' Maria goin' 'ome some day,
Live 'appy from da music w'at dat strit pianna play!

Tum-a-tum, tum! ever-r-r-a-one come
Drop-a da neekel in!
All-a right, Bianc', I turn-a da crank,
You pass-a da tambourin'.

WALLACE IRWIN.

ROMANCE OF A HAMMOCK.

SHADY tree—babbling brook,
Girl in hammock—reading book.
Golden curls—tiny feet,
Girl in hammock looks so sweet.

Man rides past—big mustache,
Girl in hammock makes a "mash."

"Mash" is mutual—day is set,
Man and maiden—married get.

Married now a year and a day,
Keeping house in Avenue A.
Red-hot stove—beefsteak frying,
Girl got married, cooking trying.

Cheeks all burning—eyes look red,
Girl got married—almost dead.
Biscuit burnt up—beefsteak charry,
Girl got married—awful sorry.

Man comes home—tears mustache,
Mad as blazes—got no cash.
Thinks of hammock—in the lane;
Wishes maiden—back again.
Maiden also—thinks of swing,
And wants to go back too, poor thing!

Hour of midnight—baby squawking;
Man in bare feet—bravely walking;
The baby yells—now the other
Twin, he strikes up—like his brother.
Paregoric—by the bottle
Poured into—the baby's throttle.

Naughty tack—points in air,
Waiting someone's—foot to tear.

Man in bare feet—see him there!
O my gracious!—hear him swear!

Raving crazy—gets his gun
And blows his head off;
Dead and gone.

Pretty widow—with a book
In the hammock—by the brook.

Man rides past—big mustache;
Keeps on riding—nary "mash."

SHACOB'S LAMENT.

Oxcoose me if I shed some tears,
Und wipe my nose away;
Und if a lump vos in my troat,
It comes up dere to shtay.

My sadness I shall now unfoldt,
Und if dot tale of woe

Don'd do some Dutchmans any good,
Den I don't pelief I know.

You see, I fall myself in love,
Und effery night I goes
Across to Brooklyn by dot pridge,
All dressed in Sunday clothes.

A vidder vomans vos der brize,
Her husband he vos dead;
Und all alone in this colt vorldt,
Dot vidder vos, she said.

Her heart for love vos on der pine,
Und dot I like to see;
Und all der time I hoped dot heart
Vos on der pine for me.

I keeps a butcher shop, you know,
Und in a stocking stout,
I put away my gold and bills,
Und no one gets him oudt.

If in der night some bank cashier
Goes skipping off mit cash,
I shleep so sound as nefer vos,
While rich folks go to shmash.

I court dot vidder sixteen months,
Dot vidder she courts me,
Und vhen I says: "Vill you be mine?"
She says: "You bet I'll be!"

Ve vos engaged—oh! blessed fact!
I squeeze dot dimpled hand;
Her head upon my shoulder lays,
Shust like a bag of sand.

"Before der vedding day vos set,"
She vispers in mine ear,

"I like to say I haf to use
Some cash, my Jacob, dear.

"I owns dis house and two big farms,
Und ponds und railroad shtock;
Und up in Yonkers I bossess
A grand big peesness block.

"Der times vos dull, my butcher boy,
Der market vos no good,
Und if I sell"—I squeezed her handt
To show I understood.

Next day—oxcoose my briny tears—
Dot shtocking took a shrink;
I counted out twelf hundred in
Der cleanest kind o' chink.

Und later, by two days or more,
Dot vidder shlopes away;
Und leaves a note behindt for me
In which dot vidder say:

"Dear Shake:
Der rose vos redt,
Der violet blue—
You see I've left,
Und you're left, too!"

DIFFIDENCE.

"I'm after axin', Biddy dear—"
And here he paused awhile
To fringe his words the merest mite
With something of a smile—
A smile that found its image
In a face of beauteous mold,
Whose liquid eyes were peeping
From a broidery of gold.

"I've come to ax ye, Biddy dear,
If—" then he stopped again,
As if his heart had bubbled o'er
And overflowed his brain.
His lips were twitching nervously
O'er what they had to tell,
And timed the quavers with the eyes
That gently rose and fell.

"I've come—" and then he took her hands
And held them in his own,
"To ax"—and then he watched the buds
That on her cheeks had blown,—
"Me purty dear—" and then he heard
The throbbing of her heart,
That told how love had entered in
And claimed its every part.

"Och! don't be tazin' me," said she,
With just the faintest sigh,
"I've sinse enough to see you've come,
But what's the reason why?"
"To ax—" and once again the tongue
Forbore its sweets to tell,
"To ax—if *Mrs. Mulligan*
Has any pigs to sell."

AUNT JEMIMA'S COURTSHIP.

WAAL, girls—if you must know—reckon I must tell ye. Waal, 'twas in the winter time, and father and I were sitting alone in the kitchen. We wur sitting thar sort o' quiet like, when father sez, sez he to me, "Jemima!" And I sez, sez I, "What, sir?" And he sez, sez he, "Wa'n't that a rap at the door?" and I sez, sez I, "No, sir." Bimeby, father sez to me again, sez he, "Are you sure?" and I sez, sez I, "No, sir." So I went to the door, and opened it, and sure enough

there stood—a man. Waal, he came in and sat down by father, and father and he talked about almost everything you could think of; they talked about the farm, they talked about the crops, and they talked about politics, and they talked about all other ticks.

Bimeby father sez to me, sez he, "Jemima!" And I sez, sez I, "What, sir?" And he sez, "Can't we have some cider?" And I sez, sez I, "I suppose so." So I went down in the cellar and brought up a pitcher of cider, and I handed some cider to father, and then I handed some to the man; and father he drinks and the man he drinks, and father he drinks, and the man he drinks till they drink it all up. After awhile father sez to me, sez he, "Jemima?" And I sez, sez I, "What, sir?" And he sez, sez he, "Ain't it most time for me to be thinking about going to bed?" And I sez, sez I, "Indeed, you are the best judge of that yourself, sir." "Waal," he sez, sez he, "Jemima, bring me my dressing-gown and slippers." And he put them on and arter awhile he went to bed.

And there sat that man; and bimeby he began a-hitching his chair up toward mine—oh, my! I was all in a flutter. And then he sez, sez he, "Jemima?" And I sez, sez I, "What, sir?" And he sez, sez he, "Will you have me?" And I sez, sez I, "No, sir!" for I was most scared to death. Waal, there we sat, and arter awhile, will you believe me, he began backing his chair closer and closer to mine, and sez he, "Jemima?" And I sez, sez I, "What, sir?" And he sez, sez he, "Will you have me?" And I sez, sez I, "No, sir!" Waal, by this time he had his arm around my waist, and I hadn't the heart to take it away 'cause the tears was a-rollin' down his cheeks, and he sez, sez he, "Jemima?" And I sez, sez I, "What, sir?" And he sez, sez he, "For the third and last time, I sha'n't ask ye agin, will ye have me?" And I sez, sez I, "Yes sir,"—fur I didn't know what else to say.

THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT

It was six men of Indostan
To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the elephant
(Though all of them were blind),
That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.

The First approached the elephant,
And happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side,
At once began to bawl:
"God bless me! but the elephant
Is very like a wall!"

The Second, feeling of the tusk,
Cried: "Ho! what have we here
So very round and smooth and sharp?
To me 'tis mighty clear
This wonder of an elephant
Is very like a spear!"

The Third approached the animal,
And, happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hands,
Thus boldly up and spake:
"I see," quoth he, "the elephant
Is very like a snake!"

The Fourth reached out his eager hand,
And felt about the knee:
"What most this wondrous beast is like
Is mighty plain," quoth he;
"'Tis clear enough the elephant
Is very like a tree."

The Fifth, who chanced to touch the ear,
Said: "E'en the blindest man

Can tell what this resembles most;
Deny the fact who can,
This marvel of an elephant
Is very like a fan!"

The Sixth no sooner had begun
About the beast to grope,
Than, seizing on the swinging tail
That fell within his scope,
"I see," quoth he, "the elephant
Is very like a rope!"

And so these men of Indostan
Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion
Exceeding stiff and strong,
Though each was partly in the right,
And all were in the wrong!

So, oft in theologic wars
The disputants, I ween,
Rail on in utter ignorance
Of what each other mean,
*And prate about an elephant
Not one of them has seen!*

J. G. SAXE.

BILL MASON'S BRIDE.

HALF an hour till train time, sir,
An' a fearful dark time, too;
Take a look at the switch lights, Tom,
Fetch in a stick when you're through.
On time? well, yes, I guess so—
Left the last station all right;
She'll come round the curve a flyin';
Bill Mason comes up to-night.

You know Bill? No? He's engineer,
Been on the road all his life—
I'll never forget the mornin'
He married his chuck of a wife.
'Twas the summer the mill hands struck,
Just off work, every one;
They kicked up a row in the village
And killed old Donevan's son.

Bill hadn't been married mor'n an hour,
Up comes a message from Kress,
Orderin' Bill to go up there,
And bring down the night express.
He left his gal in a hurry,
And went up on Number One,
Thinking of nothing but Mary,
And the train he had to run.

And Mary sat down by the window
To wait for the night express;
And, sir, if she hadn't a' done so,
She'd been a widow, I guess.
For it must a' been nigh midnight
When the mill hands left the Ridge;
They come down—the drunken devils,
Tore up a rail from the bridge.
But Mary heard 'em a-workin'
And guessed there was somethin' wrong—
And in less than fifteen minutes,
Bill's train it would be along!

She couldn't come here to tell us,
A mile—it wouldn't a' done;
So she jest grabbed up a lantern,
And made for the bridge alone.
Then down came the night express, sir,
And Bill was makin' her climb!
But Mary held the lantern,
A-swingin' it all the time.

Well, by Jove! Bill saw the signal,
And he stopped the night express,
And he found his Mary cryin',
On the track, in her weddin' dress;
Cryin' an' laughin' for joy, sir,
An' holdin' on to the light—
Hello! here's the train—good-bye, sir,
Bill Mason's on time to-night.

BRET HARTE.

IS IT ANYBODY'S BUSINESS?

Is it anybody's business
If a gentleman should choose
To wait upon a lady,
If the lady don't refuse?
Or, to speak a little plainer,
That the meaning all may know,
Is it anybody's business
If a lady has a beau?

Is it anybody's business
When that gentleman doth call,
Or when he leaves the lady,
Or if he leaves at all?
Or is it necessary
That the curtains should be drawn
To save from further trouble
The outside lookers-on?

Is it anybody's business
But the lady's, if her beau
Rideth out with other ladies,
And doesn't let her know?
Is it anybody's business,
But the gentleman's, if she
Should accept another escort,
Where he doesn't chance to be?

If a person's on the side-walk,
Whether great or whether small,
Is it anybody's business
Where that person means to call?
Or if you see a person
While he's calling anywhere,
Is it any of your business
What his business may be there?

The substance of our query,
Simply stated, would be this.
Is it anybody's business
What *another's* business is?
Whether 'tis or whether 't isn't
We should really like to know,
For we are certain, if it isn't,
There are some who *make it so*.

THE BOOK CANVASSER

HE came into my office with a portfolio under his arm. Placing it upon the table, removing a ruined hat, and wiping his nose upon a ragged handkerchief that had been so long out of the wash that it was positively gloomy, he said:

"Mr. —, I'm canvassing for the National Portrait Gallery; very valuable work; comes in numbers, fifty cents apiece; contains pictures of all the great American heroes from the earliest times down to the present day. Everybody subscribing for it, and I want to see if I can't take your name.

"Now, just cast your eyes over that," he said, opening his book and pointing to an engraving, "that's—lemme see—yes, that's Columbus, perhaps you've heard sumfin' about him? The publisher was telling me to-day before I started out that he discovered—no; was it Columbus that dis—oh! yes, Col-

umbus, he discovered America—was the first man here. He came over in a ship the publisher said, and it took fire, and he stayed on deck because his father told him to, if I remember right, and when the old thing busted to pieces he was killed. Handsome picture, ain't it? Taken from a photograph, all of 'em are; done especially for this work. His clothes are kinder odd, but they say that's the way they dressed in them days.

"Look at this one. Now isn't that splendid? That's William Penn, one of the early settlers. I was reading t'other day about him. When he first arrived he got a lot of Indians up a tree, and when they shook some apples down, he set one on top of his son's head, and shot an arrow plump through it and never fazed him. They say it struck them Indians cold; he was such a terrific shooter. Fine countenance, hasn't he? Face shaved clean; he didn't wear a mustache, I believe, but he seems to have let himself out on hair. Now, my view is, that every man ought to have a picture of that patriarch so's to see how the fust settlers looked and what kind of weskets they used to wear. See his legs, too! Trousers a little short maybe, as if he was going to wade in a creek; but he's all there. Got some kind of a paper in his hand, I see. Subscription list, I reckon. Now, how does that strike you?

"There's something nice. That, I think, is—is—that—a—a—yes, to be sure, Washington—you recollect him, of course? Some people call him Father of his Country, George—Washington. Had no middle name, I believe. He lived about two hundred years ago and he was a fighter. I heard the publisher telling a man about him crossing the Delaware River up yer at Trenton, and seems to me, if I recollect right, I've read about it myself. He was courting some girl on the Jersey side, and he used to swim over at nights to see her when the old man was asleep. The girl's family were down on him, I reckon. He

looks like a man to do that, don't he? He's got it in his eye. If it'd been me I'd gone over on a bridge, but he probably wanted to show off afore her; some men are so reckless, you know. Now if you'll conclude to take this I'll get the publisher to write out some more stories, and bring 'em round to you, so's you can study up on him. I know he did ever so many other things, but I've forgot 'em; my memory's so awful poor.

"Less see! Who have we next? Ah, Franklin! Benjamin Franklin! He was one of the old original pioneers, I think. I disremember exactly what he is celebrated for, but I think it was a flying a—oh! yes, flying a kite, that's it. The publisher mentioned it. He was out one day flying a kite, you know, like boys do now-a-days, and while she was a flickering up in the sky, and he was giving her more string, an apple fell off a tree, and hit him on the head;—then he discovered the attraction of gravitation, I think they call it. Smart, wasn't it? Now, if you or me'd a been hit, it'd just a made us mad like as not and set us a ravin'. But men are so different. One man's meat's another man's pison. See what a double chin he's got. No beard on him, either, though a goatee would have been becoming to such a round face. He hasn't got on a sword and I reckon he was no soldier;—fit some when he was a boy, maybe, or went out with the home-guard, but not a regular warrior. I ain't one, myself, and I think all the better of him for it.

"Ah, here we are! Look at that! Smith and Pocahontas! John Smith! Isn't that gorgeous? See, how she kneels over him, and sticks out her hands while he lays on the ground, and that big fellow with a club tries to hammer him up. Talk about woman's love! There it is for you. Modocs, I believe. Anyway some Indians out West there, somewheres; and the publisher tells me that Captain Shackanasty, or whatever his name is there, was going to bang old Smith over the head with a log of wood, and this here

girl she was sweet on Smith, it appears, and she broke loose, and jumped forward and says to the man with a stick, 'Why don't you let John alone? Me and him are going to marry, and if you kill him, I'll never speak to you as long as I live,' or words like them, and so the man he give it up, and both of them hunted up a preacher and were married and lived happy ever afterward. Beautiful story, isn't it? A good wife she made him, too, I'll bet, if she was a little copper-colored. And don't she look just lovely in that picture? But Smith appears kinder sick, evidently thinks his goose is cooked, and I don't wonder, with that Modoc swooping down on him with such a discouraging club.

"And now we come to—to—ah—to—Putnam—General Putnam:—he fought in the war, too; and one day a lot of 'em caught him when he was off his guard, and they tied him flat on his back on a horse and then licked the horse like the very mischief. And what does that horse do but go pitching down about four hundred stone steps in front of the house, with General Putnam lying there nearly skeered to death. Leastways the publisher said somehow that way, and I once read about it myself. But he came out safe, and I reckon sold the horse and made a pretty good thing of it. What surprises me is he didn't break his neck, but maybe it was a mule, for they're pretty sure footed, you know. Surprising what some of these men have gone through, ain't it?

"Turn over a couple of leaves. That's General Jackson. My father shook hands with him once. He was a fighter, I know. He fit down in New Orleans. Broke up the rebel Legislature, and then when the Ku Kluxes got after him he fought 'em behind cotton breastworks and licked 'em till they couldn't stand. They say he was terrific when he got real mad,—hit straight from the shoulder and fetched his man every time. Andrew, his fust name was; and look how his hair stands up.

"And then, here's John Adams and Daniel Boone and two or three pirates, and a whole lot more pictures, so you see, it's cheap as dirt. Lemme have your name, won't you?"

OUR MINISTER'S SERMON

THE minister said last night, said he,
"Don't be afraid of givin';
If your life ain't worth nothin' to other folks,
Why, what's the use of livin'?"
And that's what I say to my wife, says I,
There's Brown, the mis'rable sinner,
He'd sooner a beggar would starve than give
A cent toward buyin' a dinner.

I tell you our minister is prime, he is,
But I couldn't quite determine,
When I heard him a-givin' it right and left,
Just who was hit by his sermon.
Of course there couldn't be no mistake
When he talked of long-winded prayin',
For Peters and Johnson they sot and scowled
At every word he was sayin'.

And the minister he went on to say,
"There's various kinds of cheatin',
And religion's as good for every day
As it is to bring to meetin'.
I don't think much of the man that gives
The loud amens at the preachin',
And spends his time the followin' week
In cheatin' and overreachin'."

I guess that dose was bitter enough
For a man like Jones to swallow,
But I noticed he didn't open his mouth
But once, after that, to holler.

Hurrah, says I, for the minister—

Of course I said it quiet—

Give us some more of this open talk,
It's very refreshin' diet.

The minister hit 'em every time,

And when he spoke of fashion,

And riggin's out in bows and things,

As woman's rulin' passion,

And coming to church to see the styles,

I couldn't help a-winkin'

And a-nudgin' my wife, and says I, "That's you,"

And I guess it sot her thinkin'.

Says I to myself, that sermon's pat,

But man is a queer creation,

And I'm much afraid that most of the folks

Won't take the application.

Now, if he had said a word about

My personal mode of sinnin',

I'd have gone to work to right myself,

And not set there a-grinnin'.

Just then the minister says, says he,

"And now I've come to the fellers

Who've lost this shower by usin' their friends

As a sort o' moral umbrellas,

Go home," says he, "and find your faults,

Instead of huntin' your brother's.

Go home," says he, "and wear the coats

You tried to fit for others."

My wife she nudged, and Brown he winked

And there was lots o' smilin',

And lots o' lookin' at our pew;

It sot my blood a-bilin'.

Says I to myself, our minister

Is gettin' a little bitter,

I'll tell him, when the meetin's out, that I

Ain't at all that kind of a critter.

SAVING MOTHER

THE farmer sat in his easy chair,
Between the fire and the lamp-light's glare;
His face was ruddy and full and fair;
His three small boys in the chimney nook
Conned the lines of a picture book;
His wife, the pride of his home and heart,
Baked the biscuit and made the tart,
Laid the table and steeped the tea,
Deftly, swiftly, silently;
Tired and weary, weak and faint,
She bore her trials without complaint,
Like many another household saint—
Content, all selfish bliss above
In the patient ministry of love.

At last between the clouds of smoke
That wreathed his lips the husband spoke:

"There's taxes to raise, an' int'rest to pay—
And ef there should come a rainy day,
'Twould be mighty handy, I'm bound to say,
T' have somethin' put by; for folks must die,
And there's funeral bills, and gravestones to buy—
Enough to swamp a man, purty nigh.
Besides, there's Edward and Dick and Joe
To be provided for when we go.
So 'f I was you, I'll tell you what I'd do:
I'd be savin' of wood as ever I could—
Extra fires don't du any good—
I'd be savin' of soap, and savin' of ile,
And run up some candles once in a while;
I'd be rather savin' of coffee an' tea,
For sugar is high,
And all to buy.

"And cider is good enough drink for me;
I'd be kinder careful of my cloe's

And look out sharp how the money goes—
Gewgaws is useless, nature knows;

Extra trimmin'
'S the bane of women.

"I'd sell off the best of the cheese and honey,
And eggs is as good, nigh about, as money;
And as to the carpet you wanted new—
I guess we can make the old one du.
And as for the washer, and sewin' machine,
Them smooth-tongued agents so pesky mean,
You'd better get rid of 'em slick and clean.
What do they know about women's work?
Do they kalkilate women was born to shirk?"

Dick and Edward and Little Joe
Sat in the corner in a row.
They saw their patient mother go
On ceaseless errands to and fro;
They saw that her form was bent and thin,
Her temples gray, her cheeks sunk in,
They saw the quiver of lip and chin—
And then, with a wrath he could not smother.
Outspoke the youngest, frailest brother—
"You talk of savin' wood and ile,
An' tea an' sugar all the while,
But you never talk of savin' mother!"

AUNTY DOLEFUL'S VISIT

How do you do, Cornelia? I heard you were sick, and I stepped in to cheer you up a little. My friends often say, "It's such a comfort to see you, Aunt Doleful. You have such a flow of conversation, and *are* so lively." Besides, I said to myself, as I came up the stairs, "Perhaps it's the last time I'll ever see Cornelia Jane alive."

You don't mean to die yet, eh? Well, now, how do you know? You can't tell. You think you are getting better; but there was poor Mrs. Jones sitting up, and every one saying how smart she was, and all of a sudden she was taken with spasms in the heart, and went off like a flash. But you must be careful, and not get anxious or excited. Keep quite calm, and don't fret about anything. Of course, things can't go on jest as if you were down-stairs; and I wondered whether you knew your little Billy was sailing about in a tub on the mill-pond, and that your little Sammy was letting your little Jimmy down from the veranda roof in a clothes-basket.

Gracious goodness! what's the matter? I guess Providence'll take care of 'em. Don't look so. You thought Bridget was watching them? Well, no, she isn't. I saw her talking to a man at the gate. He looked to me like a burglar. No doubt she let him take the impression of the door-key in wax, and then he'll get in and murder you all. There was a family at Kobble Hill all killed last week for fifty dollars. Now, don't fidget so; it will be bad for the baby.

Poor little dear! How singular it is, to be sure, that you can't tell whether a child is blind, or deaf and dumb, or a cripple at that age. It might be *all* and you'd never know it.

Most of them that have their senses make bad use of them, though; *that* ought to be your comfort, if it does turn out to have anything dreadful the matter with it. And more don't live a year. I saw a baby's funeral down the street as I came along.

How is Mr. Kobble? Well, but finds it warm in town, eh? Well, I should think he would. They are dropping down by hundreds there with sun-stroke. You must prepare your mind to have him brought home any day. Anyhow, a trip on these railroad trains is just risking your life every time you take one. Back and forth every day as he is, it's just trifling with danger.

Dear! dear! now to think what dreadful things hang over us all the time! Dear! dear!

Scarlet fever has broken out in the village, Cornelia. Little Isaac Potter has it, and I saw your Jimmy playing with him last Saturday.

Well, I must be going now. I've got another sick friend, and I shan't think my duty done unless I cheer her up a little before I sleep. Good-by. How pale you look, Cornelia. I don't believe you have a good doctor. Do send him away and try some one else. You don't look so well as you did when I came in. But if anything happens, send for me at once. If I can't do anything else, I can cheer you up a little.

MARY KYLE DALLAS.

WIDDER SPRIGGINS' DAUGHTER

'Twas on a beauteous summer morn,
When things were up and comin',
And all among the pumpkin-vines,
The bumble-bees were hummin';
I took an early half-mile walk,
As everybody'd orter,
When in the cowpath I was met
By Widder Spriggins' Daughter.

Her eyes were black as David's ink,
Her cheeks were red as fury,
And one smack of her luscious lips
Would bribe a judge or jury.
I bow'd—she curcheyed just the way
Her nice old mar had taught her;
She smiled—and oh! my heart was gone
To Widder Spriggins' Daughter.

Says I, "My dear, how do ye do?"
Says she, "I reckon finely;"

Says I, "Of all the gals I know,
You look the most divinely."
I snatched a kiss—she slapped my face,
In fact, just as she'd orter;
"Behave yourself, how dare you, sir!"
Cried Widder Spriggins' Daughter.

Just then an old rampageous sheep,
Who had been feeding near, sir,
Squared off, and like a ton of bricks,
He took me with his head, sir;
I landed in a pond, chuck full
Of frogs and filthy water,
And then she stood and larfed and larfed.
That Widder Spriggins' Daughter.

I rather guess I crawled out quick,
Picked up my hat and mizzled,
While love's bright torch so lately lit,
Out in that frog-pond fizzled.
Well, she was married yesterday,
A lawyer chap has got her;
So, I'll forget, if not forgive,
The Widder Spriggins' Daughter.

THE OLD MAN IN THE MODEL CHURCH

WELL, wife, I've found the model church! I wor-
shipped there to-day!
It made me think of good old times before my hairs
were gray;
The meetin'-house was fixed up more than they were
years ago,
But then I felt, when I went in, it wasn't built for
show.
The sexton didn't seat me away back by the door;
He knew that I was old and deaf, as well as old and
poor;

He must have been a Christian, for he led me bodily
through
The long aisle of that crowded church to find a pleasant
pew.
I wish you'd heard the singin'; it had the old-time ring;
The preacher said, with trumpet voice: "Let all the
people sing!"
The tune was "Coronation," and the music upward
rolled,
Till I thought I heard the angels striking all their
harps of gold.
My deafness seemed to melt away; my spirit caught
the fire;
I joined my feeble, trembling voice with that melodious
choir,
And sang as in my youthful days: "Let angels pros-
trate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem, and crown Him Lord of
all."
I tell you, wife, it did me good to sing that hymn once
more;
I felt like some wrecked mariner who gets a glimpse of
shore;
I almost wanted to lay down this weather-beaten form,
And anchor in that blessed port, forever from the
storm.
The preachin'? Well, I can't just tell all that the
preacher said;
I know it wasn't written; I know it wasn't read;
He hadn't time to read it, for the lightnin' of his eye
Went flashin' 'long from pew to pew, nor passed a sin-
ner by.
The sermon wasn't flowery; 'twas simple Gospel truth;
It fitted poor old men like me; it fitted hopeful youth;
'Twas full of consolation for weary hearts that bleed;
'Twas full of invitations to Christ and not to creed.
The preacher made sin hideous in Gentiles and in Jews.
He shot the golden sentences down in the finest
pews;

And—though I can't see very well—I saw the falling
tear
That told me hell was some ways off, and heaven very
near.
How swift the golden moments fled within that holy
place!
How brightly beamed the light of heaven from every
happy face!
Again I longed for that sweet time when friend shall
meet with friend—
“When congregations ne'er break up, and Sabbath has
no end.”
I hope to meet that minister—that congregation, too—
In that dear home beyond the stars that shine from
heaven's blue;
I doubt not I'll remember, beyond life's evenin' gray,
The happy hour of worship in that model church to-
day.
Dear wife, the fight will soon be fought—the victory
soon be won;
The shinin' goal is just ahead; the race is nearly run;
O'er the river we are nearin', they are throngin' to the
shore,
To shout our safe arrival where the weary weep no
more.

MISS JONES AND THE BURGLAR

Most women on earth have a natural dread
That a bold, wicked burglar is under their bed;
So the last thing they do, ere retiring at night,
Is to take lamp or candle and see that all's right.

'Tis strange, though, a man never bothers his head
To look for a woman stowed under his bed;
A woman's ne'er content to close eyes in sleep
Until for a man she hath taken a peep.

Now Miss Jones was a spinster of forty or more,
Who made bonnets, dresses, and kept a small store;
She had goods for the ladies, and goods for the gents,
And 'twas said had a fortune of dollars and cents.

She lived all alone, and had often been told,
That she'd surely be robbed of her silver and gold;
So she'd glance 'neath the bed after closing each night,
To feel safely secure, and know all was right.

One dark, stormy night, she closed up the store,
And looked as she'd done "*seven thousand times before.*"

She was rewarded at last, for there, with his head
Turned toward her, lay a man stretched under her bed.

She did not as some place herself in bad plight
By calling for neighbors or screaming with fright,
Or by taking the broom to punch at his head,
But quietly undressed her, and got into bed.

To take him at advantage was what she desired,
So lay still as a cat, after she had retired;
She heard a sly movement soon under the bed—
On all fours he came crawling, she grabbed for his head.

With a vise-grip she caught him, each ear she held fast,
The burglar thought judgment was coming at last.
Thump! thump! went his head down 'gainst the hard floor,
He begged hard for mercy, as he ne'er begged before.

"I mistook this for my own room," the wretch loudly cries,

"And got 'neath the bed to get clear of the flies."

"Flies, forsooth, indeed, at night!" Miss Jones meekly said,

And each time that she spoke, bump, bump, went his head.

A sleepy policeman, who was just coming past,
Forced the door for the neighbors, who came rushing
in fast;

The burglar to the lock-up was escorted that night,
His head, eyes, and ears a most pitiful sight.

The judge in the morn on him six months bestowed,
And applauded Miss Jones for the courage she
showed;

And as she still looks 'neath her bed every night,
Bad luck to the burglar caught in the same plight.

S. S. WAGGONER.

TALE OF A STAMP

I'm a stamp—
A postage stamp—
A two-center;
Don't want to brag,
But I was never
Licked
Except once;
By a gentleman, too;
He put me on
To a good thing;
It was an envelope—
Perfumed, pink, square.
I've been stuck on
That envelope
Ever since;
He dropped us—
The envelope and me—
Through a slot in a dark box;
But we were rescued
By a mail clerk;
More's the pity.
He hit me an awful
Smash with a hammer;

It left my face
Black and blue;
Then I went on a long
Journey
Of two days;
And when we arrived—
The pink envelope and me—
We were presented
To a perfect love
Of a girl,
With the stunningest pair
Of blue eyes
That ever blinked;
Say, she's a dream!
Well, she mutilated
The pink envelope
And tore one corner
Of me off
With a hairpin;
Then she read what
Was inside
The pink envelope.
I never saw a girl blush
So beautifully!
I would be stuck
On her—if I could.
Well, she placed
The writing back
In the pink envelope;
Then she kissed me.
Oh, you little godlets!
Her lips were ripe
As cherries.
And warm
As the summer sun.
We—
The pink envelope and me—
Are now
Nestling snugly

In her bosom;
We can hear
Her heart throb;
When it goes fastest
She takes us out
And kisses me.
Oh, say,
This is great!
I'm glad
I'm a stamp—
A two-center.

OHIO STATE JOURNAL.

ALL ABOUT THE WEATHER

"PRETTY warm," the man with the thin clothes said to the man in the corner seat as the car was coming down the street.

"What's pretty warm?" growled the man in the corner.

"Why, the weather."

"What weather?" more gruffly than ever.

"Why," the man with thin clothes said, looking as though he wished he hadn't begun it, "this weather."

"Well," said the man in the corner, "how's this weather different from any other?"

The man with the thin clothes looked nervously at the dun mule and said, "It was warmer."

"How do you know it is?" asked the man in the corner.

The other man began to wish he was well out of it, and said he supposed it was; he hadn't heard how the—

"Isn't the weather the same everywhere?" savagely demanded the man in the corner.

"Why, no," the man with the thin clothes replied, wishing to goodness he had a newspaper to hide be-

hind, "no; it's warmer some places, and some places it's colder."

"What makes it warmer in some places than it's colder in others?" remorselessly pursued the man in the corner.

"Why," the man with thin clothes said piteously, "the sun; the effect of the sun's heat."

"Makes it colder in some places than it's warmer in others?" roared the man in the corner indignantly. "Never heard of such a thing."

"No," the man with thin clothes hastened to explain; "I didn't mean that. The sun makes it warmer."

"Then what makes it colder?" pursued the remorseless man in the corner.

The man in thin clothes wiped the beaded perspiration from his pallid brow, and said slowly, he guessed it was the ice.

"What ice?" demanded the inquisitor.

"Why," the victim said, with every symptom of approaching dissolution apparent in his tremulous voice, "the ice that was—frozen—frozen—by the frost."

"Did you ever see any ice that wasn't frozen?" howled the man in the corner, in a fine burst of derision.

The man in thin clothes huskily whispered that he wished he was dead, and said, "No; that is, I believe I didn't."

"Then," thundered the man in the corner, "what are you talking about?"

The man in thin clothes made an effort to brace up, and spicily replied that he was trying to talk about the weather.

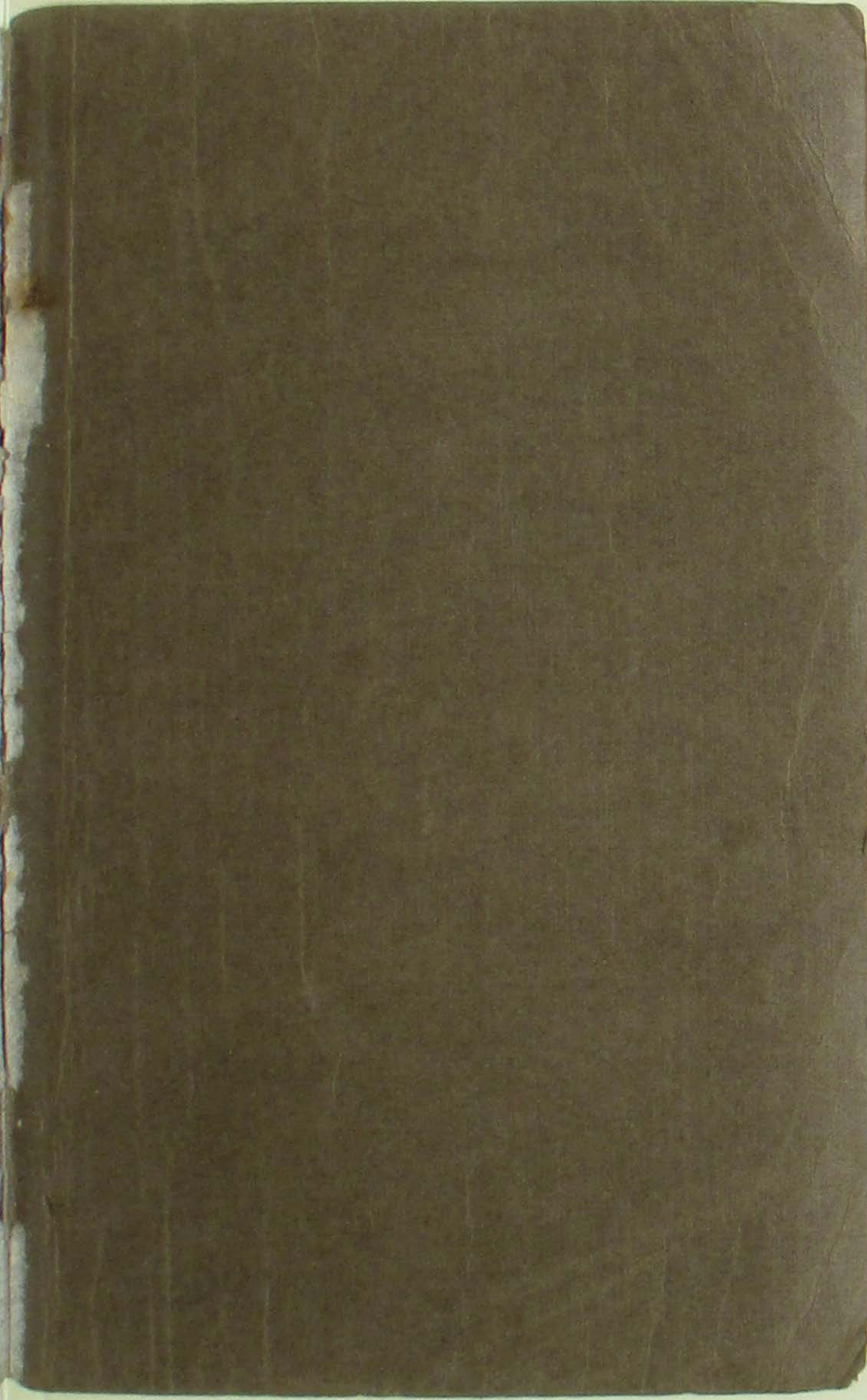
"And what do you know about it?" triumphantly roared the man in the corner, "what do you know about the weather?"

The man in thin clothes lost his grip again, and feebly said that he didn't know very much about it, that was a fact. And then he tried to be cheerful,

and work in a little joke about nobody being able to know much about this weather, but the man in the corner sat down on him with a tremendous outburst.

"No, sir! I should say you didn't! You come into this car and force yourself on the attention of a stranger and begin to talk to me about the weather, just as though you owned it, and I find you don't know a solitary thing about the matter you yourself selected for a topic of conversation; you don't know one thing about meteorological conditions, principles, or phenomena; you can't tell me why it is warm in August and cold in December; you don't know why icicles form faster in the sunlight than they do in the shade; you don't know why the earth grows colder as it comes nearer the sun; you can't tell why a man can be sun-struck in the shade; you can't tell me how a cyclone is formed nor how the trade winds blow; you couldn't find the calm-center of a storm if your life depended on it; you don't know what a sirocco is nor where the southwest monsoon blows; you don't know the average rainfall in the United States for the past and current year; you don't understand the formation of fog, and you can't explain why the dew falls at night and dries up in the day; you don't know why a wind dries the ground more quickly than a hot sun; you don't know one solitary thing about the weather, and you are just like a thousand and one other people, who always begin talking about the weather because they don't know anything else, when by the caves of Boreas, sir, they know less about the weather than they do about anything else in the world!"

And the man in the corner glared up and down at the timid passenger, but no man durst answer him. And as for the man with thin clothes, he didn't know for the life of him whether he had a sun-stroke or an ague chill. He only knew that it seemed about twenty-seven miles to the next street crossing.



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